BALLADS
—
ODDS
AND ENDS

COLLIER

1868-70

David Fyfe Anderson.
2.9.50.



Maidenhead
23 Sept 1871

My dear Sir

I send you "Odds and Ends" as a present. I did so with my other friends some time ago, but I forgot it when I last wrote

The Green Series I have bought for myself at the price fixed

by the seller, rather arbitrarily. He would not let me have them cheaper.

Yours very truly
J. Payne Collier

G. E. Barbow Esq

Broadside
Black-Letter Ballads.

BROADSIDE

Black-letter Ballads,

PRINTED IN THE

SIXTEENTH AND SEVENTEENTH CENTURIES;

CHIEFLY IN THE POSSESSION OF

J. PAYNE COLLIER.

ILLUSTRATED BY

Original Woodcuts.

PRINTED (FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION)
BY THOMAS RICHARDS.
1868.

TO

FREDERIC OUVRY, ESQ.,

TREASURER OF THE SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES,
LONDON,

THIS TRIFLING TRIBUTE OF HIGH RESPECT
AND SINCERE AFFECTION
IS DEDICATED BY

J. PAYNE COLLIER.

Maidenhead,
11 *Jan.* 1868.

PREFACE.

THE greater number of Ballads in the enfuing fmall affemblage is from the editor's collection: one or two have been derived from other private fources, and perhaps, as many from manufcript copies made forty, or even fifty, years ago. It will be found that they all poffefs fome features of intereft, while only a few, it muft be owned, are worthy of prefervation for their own feparate and poetical merits. Moft of them are unique, but two may be looked upon as unknown fecond editions of popular productions, which had juft previoufly appeared. Others eftablifh the fact that our old ftationers, now and then, reforted for attractive broadfides to works of a more permanent defcription.

Twenty years fince, in the introduction to a volume called "A Book of Roxburghe Ballads," the prefent editor entered tolerably fully into the origin and pro-

grefs of what may be called ftreet-ballad-literature in this country. He has now little to add to that effay, which fhowed that public ballad-finging was well received and underftood about the middle of the reign of Henry VIII; but the following woodcut, derived from Caxton's "Mirror of the World," which obvioufly reprefents two ftreet-performers, male and female, one finging and the other playing, may carry us back at least to the year 1481.



It would not, we think, be difficult to eftablifh that

ſuch performances commenced with the commencement of our popular lyrical poetry. Upon this point it is not our purpoſe here to enlarge; but, coming down to the reign of Philip and Mary, we may note that our ſtatute-book contains evidence that the public authorities of that day took vigorous meaſures to reſtrain or ſuppreſs ballad-printing and ballad-ſinging, as objectionable upon both religious and political conſiderations.

Our ſeries, if ſuch it can be called, begins at about this period, although it compriſes no ſpecimen of preciſely that kind: our firſt and ſecond pieces are merely love-poems, our third is purely religious, and our fourth ſocial, political and religious: if we miſtake not, it is one of the moſt ſingular early lyrical ſatires in our language; and being found only at Lambeth, it is not unlikely that it was forbidden by the archbiſhop and other perſons connected with the government, although ſtill preſerved in the library The figure of R. Copland, the printer, which we have placed at the end of it, was his own repreſentation of his perſonal appearance, prefixed to one of the works iſſued from his preſs. It is not, however, our intention here to notice other peculiarities belonging

to productions in the hands of the reader, becaufe in our brief notes, at the clofe, we have, we hope, given all neceffary information. It would have been eafy to have drawn out this part of our fmall volume to any undefirable extent; but our intention was to render the notes as fhort, and yet as fatisfactory, as poffible. We have no room, and our readers, we apprehend, as little patience, for what is merely fpeculative and conjectural.

Our imitative woodcuts, we at once admit, have this defect—that although there is not one that is not derived from fome old ballad in our poffeffion, they are not fo ftrictly adapted to the places where they are found as we at firft intended. Our early printers of this ephemeral fpecies of literature may be faid to have been themfelves regardlefs of the applicability of their engravings: all they ufually wanted was fome attractive reprefentation or ornament; and for this purpofe publifhers, like Lacy, Aldee, Symcocke, Trundle and the Goffons, were in the habit of buying up coarfe worn-out, and worm-eaten woodcuts, and putting them at the head of any broadfide they would fit. The comparatively fmall fize of our page has fometimes unwillingly pre-

vented us from following, in this refpect, the example of our predeceffors, so as to give exact repetitions; but wherever it could be accomplifhed we have not neglected this point; and it now and then feems to have happened, as regards the portraits of traitors and malefactors, that the original printers of broadfides went to the expenfe of engraving a likenefs of the party executed. In thefe cafes we have fcrupuloufly adhered to their method, and, as to all the reft, we have inferted nothing that is not warranted by fome fimilar publication of the time, and which had been repeatedly employed for the purpofe: thus, the fhip, on the forefront of the ballad celebrating the capture of "the great Galeazzo," p. 79, is found at the head of other broadfides, as well as on the title-pages of fome pamphlets, fuch, for inftance, as Smith's "True Relation of Virginia," 4to. 1608. The woodcut on p. 63 belonged originally to Fox's "Martyrs," but was afterwards made applicable to executions by fire.

As a ftriking proof of the inattention by old printers to relationfhip between letter-prefs and woodcuts, we may ftate that the fubfequent excellent and characteriftic defign, about the year 1650, was



made by Harper to introduce a tender Dialogue on the parting of two Lovers.

If the above engraving had been placed at the head of any ſong upon, or againſt, drinking, it would not have ſeemed ſo outragiouſly inappropriate; and

in 1635 Raworth very properly made it the centre of the title-page of T. Heywood's "Philocothonifta, or the Drunkard opened, diffected and anatomifed."

The excellent and liberal manner in which Mr. Huth has recently made his vaft ftore of ballads acceffible to the Philobiblon Society, unqueftionably inftigated the prefent editor to purfue a fomewhat fimilar method with his very infignificant, yet fomewhat peculiar, acquifitions of the like kind. He had originally intended to extend his feries from 1550 to 1660; but the expenfe of his undertaking has exceeded his calculation, and he is thereby induced to poftpone the completion of his purpofe to a future opportunity.

Here the editor had intended to conclude his preface, but accidentally finding, among his forgotten papers, a few curious memoranda regarding ballad-writers, bookfellers, and printers, derived from the Regifters of the Stationers' Company (which he carefully examined more than twenty years ago) he could not refift the temptation of appending them. It will be feen that the information, though fcanty, (and never till now noticed) is entirely mifcellaneous, and is fcattered through the volumes without much

connexion or any regularity. There feems a long interval between 1580 and 1594, regarding which we poffefs little or no information; but it was, neverthelefs, a period during which the production, purchafe, and performance of ftreet-ballads were continued with unabated diligence and eagernefs.

15 Junij 1578.

Ric. Jones. Received of him for printing two ballades, viz. *Faythe, ye lie,* and *In unwritten bookes.* 2*s.*
Received of him for *Certen newes of the Prynce of Parma,* 6*d.*

2 Die Augufti 1578.

John Aldee. He is fined, at a Court holden the daye aforefaid, to paye 5*s.* for printing 3 ballads for Edward White, and *Mundaies Dreame* for himfelfe, without a lycence.

20 Sept. 1578.

Ric. Jones. He is fined to pay 5*s.* for printinge a booke and a ballat of *A ftraunge Dream of a Shepherd,* a ballat of *Theating of the hare,* and another, *Maydenly Counfell;* the which four thinges he printed without lycence.

Primo Die Decembr. 1578.

Jhon Charlwood. At a Court holden this day the faid Jhon Charlwood, for printinge a booke of *Fourboyfers Voiage* without lycence, is fyned to paie 5*s.* pd.

3 Augufti 1579.

Edward White. Received of him for printinge a ballat of *Halfpenny and Siluer*, contrary to order of this Cumpanie, 5*s*.

9 Aug. 1579.

Yarrath James. Roger Ward. The Court ordered Ward to pay to James 10*s*., to put an end to a controverfy touchinge a ballad of *Thenterteinment of the Frenchmen*.

10 Augufti 1579.

Edw. White. Receyvinge of him for printing a ballad of *Tho. Appletree* without licence xii*d*. Pd.

6 Dec. 1585.

Mr. Da[w]fon. A new order made, and entred in this booke, whereby *The Seven Sobs*, *The Handfull of Honey Suckles*, and *The Widows Mite*, [by W. Hunnis] are affigned to Denham, on condition that he pay £10 for the printinge of the bookes, and 40*s*. for his intereft in them.

7 Augufti 1592.

Whereas John Danter is appointed to print *the Instruction of a Xtian woman* and *Ovid's Metamorphofes* for the company, yt is agreed that, uppon the finifhing of thefe bookes, he fhall pay vj*d*. in the *li*. to thufe of the poore, according to order.

5° Febr. 1593.

Upon the letters of Mr. Wilbraham, yt is ordered that Toby Cooke (and none other) fhall haue the

printinge of *the Truthe of the murther of Robert Hayton*, as yt ſhall be found and deliuered to the ſaid Toby by the ſaid Mr. Wilbraham. And that yf any ſhall preſume to meddle therewith he ſhalbe ſtaied.

12 May 1594.

Edw. White. At a Court holden this day it is ordered that Edward White ſhall pay 5*s.* for a fine for printinge of a ballad of *Eating of a Sheepe* without licence, contrary to thordonances. The which he hath promiſed to deliver to Mr. Warden.

iij° die Februarij 1594.

Gaul Amadis de. At a full court holden this daie, uppon the hearinge of the Controverſie betwene Adam Iſlipp and Edward Aldee concerninge *the firſt foure Bookes of Amadis de Gaule*, yt is ordered by this Court that the ſaid Adam Iſlip ſhall printe *the Second parte of Amadis de Gaule*. And likewiſe that the ſaid Edward Aldee ſhall print *firſt, third and fourthe Bookes of Amades de Gaule*. And the ſaid Adam to print all the reſt, to the Twelfthe parte or Booke.

ADAM ISLIP.
ED. ALLDE.

Tobie Cooke, Robt. Roſwell. The matter in controuerſie betwene the ſaid parties ys, by their conſentes, referred to the hearinge and determination of Mr. John Harriſon thelder, and Mr. Watkins. And the ſaid parties haue agreed to ſtand to their order. Memorand. that the Controuerſie is about an *Arioſto in Engliſhe in Coulours*.

Primo Marcij 1595.

Abell Jeffes. To haue 2*s.* gyuen him who, here this day, made petition for reliefe, beinge in prifon.

10 Die Aprilis 1597.

Blackwell. William Blackwell is fyned to pay 2*s.* 6*d.* for fellinge of ballades called *Luftie Larrance.*

2 April 1598.

Adam Iflip. Received of him for printinge *The Fountaine of Fictions* without entrance.

25 Junij 1600.

Edward White, William White, Edward Aldee. Yt is ordered, touching a difordered ballad of *The Wife of Bathe,* (Percy's Reliques, edits. 1765 and 1767, vol. iii, pp. 146 and 145) printed by Edw. Aldee and William White, and fold by Edward White, that all the fame ballates fhalbe brought in and burnt, and that either of the Printers, for their diforders in printinge yt, fhall pay 5*s.* a pece for a fine. And that Mr. White, for his offence and diforder in felling, fhall pay 10*s.* for a fine. And their imprifonment is refpited.

4 Marcij 1600.

Humours Blood. Twenty-nine Stationers are fyned 6*d.* each for their diforders in buyinge of the bookes of *Humours letting Blood in the vayne,* being newe printed after it was firft forbydden and burnt.

23 Oct. 1600.

Ra. Blore, Wm. Jagger. They are fined vj*s.* viij*d.* for printinge, without licence and contrary to order, a

little booke of *Sr. Anthony Sherleies voiage*, and bring all the copies into the hall.

1 Marcij 1601.

Ballads. Yt is ordered that all that betwene this and the next Court day bringe not in their *Ballads*, to be entred accordinge to order, ſhall loſe the ſame. And that the ſaid *Ballads* ſhalbe diſpoſed accordinge to the diſcretion of the Wardens and Aſſiſtantes.

5 Dec. 1603.

Jo. Smithick, Jo. Brown. Fined 10*s*. each for printinge a booke called *The wonderfull Yere*, without authoritie or entrance, and to bring in all copies in their hands into the Hall.

Val. Syms. An order made againſt him for *The Welch Bate*, and the ballades of *The Traitors arrayned at Wincheſter*.

Meaning, of course, Lord Cobham, and Sir Walter Raleigh, for which the latter was executed fifteen years afterwards. We have no intelligence that in modern times any ſuch ballad has been diſcovered, and probably the order to Valentine Simmes againſt its publication was effectual: that there ever exiſted ſuch a production has not, we believe, been noticed by the biographers of the diſcoverer of Guiana, and the patron of Spenſer.

J. P. C.

CONTENTS.



Two propernue Balletes.

E. HATH my herte in holde,
So ſure I can not ſtarte,
Whiche cauſeth me to be bolde
With louers for to take parte.

B. hath me bounde ſo ſure
Thorowe Venus ordynaunce,
That in paynes I muſt endure
There for to take my chaunce.

The paynes they be ſo ſtronge
And paynefull vnto me,
That I thynke I haue great wronge
Yf on me ſhe haue no petie.

Nowe, petie, I the crave,
Her mynde for to remoue,
That I may ones haue
Her fauour whom I loue.

It is for no great ſubſtaunce,
Nor goodes that I her deſyre,
But onelye for the gouernaunce,
And the honeſty in her doth apere.

For yf I myght obtayne
To fall vnto my loote,
Then wolde I be moſt fayne
To knyt an endles knotte.

And yf I get no grace
Of her whom I loue beſt,
My herte is in a wofull caſe,
Neuer lyke for to lyue in reſt.

Therfore, Venus, I the requyre,
The gods of this arte,
That ſoone thou wylte appere
To ſtryke her with thy darte.

For to cauſe her haue ſome rueth,
And graunt to me her loue,
That meanes nothynge but trueth,
By God that is aboue.

Thus E., and B., I byd fare well,
Deſyrynge them not to be vnkynde ;

For of letters all, both great and ſmall,
They are depyſt in mynde.

Hertely vnto you I me recōmende,
Deſyrynge you not to be offended,
For yf any thynge be amyſſe
That here in is,
Vnto my power it ſhalbe amended.

My herte is yours
Vnto the death,
Whyle in my body
Remaynes the breath.

FINIS.

The Letter of a Louer.

A THOUSAND times I me recomende
To you that is my louer deare,
And here a letter haue I ſend,
To ſpeke with you yet had I leuer.

Your luſtye loke and ſmerkyng chere
My hert doth moue both nyght and day :

In all thys world ye haue no pere,
Therefore to my hert I do you lay.

O lufty fmyrker, to me be true:
Ye haue my hert for euer and aye.
I praye you chaunge me for no newe,
Thys fame to you do I fay.

I haue loued truely I dare make boft,
And doth yet ftyll, fo god me faue:
Alas, let not my loue be loft,
But yours agayne that I may haue.

The time paft I do repente,
Yf euer ye thought I was vnkinde:
To you this letter haue I fent,
Becaufe in loue I am fo blynd.

The lynes of loue do me imbrafe,
And bytterly beyte my body with in:
All is for your louely face
And gentyll hert, yf I myght it win.

Your countenaũce and your comely cheare,
As oft as I loke it vpon,
My hert in peces it doth teare,
When that I am my felfe alone.

The paynes of loue do me fo pyne,
And perce my hert on euery fyde,
That wherefoeuer I fuppe or dyne,
My hert with you fhall euer a byde.

Alas now be a louer true,
And take neuer from me your hert,
For yf ye do I muſt it rew,
And euer lyue in payne and ſmart.

Nowe ſtedfaſt to be I do you praye,
My herte is cloſed your body within,
The ſame to me nowe do you ſay :
It is trewe loue that I am in.

A thouſande tymes nowe fare you well,
Ye haue my herte both nowe and aye,
The ſorowe I byde no toung can tel :
Gentyll louer, do not caſt me awaye.

My herte is locked within your breſt,
And cloſly cloſed your body within :
There would I fayneſt take my reſte
In pure wedlocke with outten ſynne.

Nowe you knowe my hole intent.
It doth me good when I you ſe :
Yf I get no grace I ſhal repent
For lokyng aboue my pore degre.
Be trewe to me in this dyſtres,
And leue me not here comfortles.

FINIS.



The prayer of the Prophet Daniel,

wrytten in the ix chapter of his Prophecie, no leſſe Godly then neceſſary for all men at this preſent.

Oratio Danielis, Cap. ix.

O LORD, that art our God, ryght fearefull
and eke myghtie,
which euermore doſt kepe ful ſure thy coue-
naunt & thy mercie
With thē that loue the & kepe thy com-
maundemētes,
but we haue all departed from thy preceptes & judgemētes.

Ah, we haue ſinned, lord, and the offended ſore :
we haue bene diſobedient, and gone backe euermore.
We had yet neuer wyll our ſelfes to trade and frame
to here thy ſervauntes the Prophets, whiche truly in thy
name
Dyd ſpeake vnto our kynges and princes through the land,
that they ſhould vnderſtand
belongth vnto thy name
is due but open ſhame
owe at thiſſame daye
well perceyue we maye
ſalem do dwell
all Iſraell.
I meane, O lord, Jeruſalem, which is thyne holy hyll,
And whye ? even for our ſynnes and for the wickedneſſe
of oure forefathers, nowe is all this citie in diſtreſſe,
And we thy people all abhorred be throughout
all nacions and peoples eke, that dwell vs round about :
Nowe, therfore, O thou God of our ſaluacion,
heare this the prayr of thy ſeruaunt and ſupplicacion,
And let thy face, O lord moſte glorioufe, in haſt
vpon thy ſanctuarye ſhyne, whiche nowe lieth voyd and
waſt.
O lord my God, I ſaye, ſome pitie on vs take,
inclyne thyne eare, diſcloſe thyne eye, at leaſt for thyne
owne ſake.
Beholde, O lorde, howe we, confunded be with ſhame,
yea, and the citie whiche alſo is called after thy name.
We do not caſt our prayers, O lord, before thyne eyes,
truſtyng in our owne ryghtuouſneſs, but in thy great
mercies.

O God, bowe down thyne eare; O lord, forgeue our wrong;
conſidre, lord, our miſeries, and tary not to long.
My God, for thyne owne ſake, make haſt to do the ſame,
for thy citie and people both be called by thyne owne name.

Finis orationis Danielis.

¶ Imprinted at London in Temeſtrete by Hughe Syngelton, at the ſygne of the dobbell hood, ouer agaynſt the Stylyard.

The new guyse nowe a Dayes.

—o—

WE Engliſhmen, that holde
Our auncient cuſtomes olde
More precious then golde,
Be cleane caſt away;
And other new be fand,
Which, ye may vnderſtand,
Cauſeth all our land
So greatly to decay.

Meruell it is to heare
Of noble men, that were
Among vs many a yeare
In the times paſt;

The which toke in hand
Prouiſion ſhold be fand
For to inhabit this land,
And this was all their caſt.

To bylde churches ſtrong,
With ſolemne belles rong,
Deuine ſervice ſong,
Mans life to amend:
Than was dubbed many a knight,
With all their powre and might
Holy Church and right
Sworne to defende.

Than made they ſuch ordynance,
That euerie man with reuerence
Vnder the law and obedience
Their prince ſhould obay;
And while this people pure,
Their goodnes did endure,
So long, I you enſure,
This land might not decay.

Than the king ſet good price
By noble men and wyſe,
And after their deuiſe
He did gouerne him ſelfe:
He wold not forſake
Their counſell to take:
They wold no ſtatute make
But for the common welth.

Than was he held in honor:
The king liued in great pleaſure,
And among his people great treaſure,
For no thing wold they care.
Than were men both freſhe and bolde,
And kept a noble houſeholde:
The people had what they wolde;
Few of them were bare.

Mery hartes were then to ryde
Thorough townes and cyties wide,
Repleniſhed on euery ſyde
With caſtels and towers hie;
But now are the captaynes gone,
There is not lefte the x^{th} at home:
The goodly towers of lime and ſtone,
A long on the ground they lye.

Caſtels now be not ſet by,
The cauſe is well knowne why:
Sithe they be downe, let them lye,
They ſtop not my way.
They ſtood my fathers time before:
If they doe mine, I aſke no more,
And ſo of them men kepe no ſtore,
For with cauſe they do decaye.

The people liue in variaunce
For lacke of perſeueraunce:
Simple is their gouernaunce,
And worſe is their entent.

Euery man is now fayne
On other to complaine:
If this long remaine,
Wee ſhall all repent.

The ſpiritualty their miſliuing,
To the temporalty enſample giuing,
And thus eithers worke reprouing,
They lyue in bate and ſtrife.
The lay men ſay that prieſtes jet,
All fiſhe that commeth to net:
They ſpare nought they can get,
Whether maide or wife.

Men ſay priors and abbotts bee
Great ingroſſers in this countrie:
They vſe bying and ſelling openlye:
The Church hath the name.
They are not content with their poſſeſſion,
But add thereto by oppreſſion,
Still gaping for promotion,
Vnto our landes great ſhame.

And in like wiſe the commynaltie
Apply them ſelues right conſtantlie
To learne crafte and ſubtiltie,
Their neighbours to begyle:
The ſiſter will begyle the brother,
The childe will begyle the mother,
And thus none will truſt an other,
If this world laſt a whyle.

Temporall lords be well nie gone:
Houſeholdes keepe they fewe or none,
Which cauſeth many a poore man
For to begge his bread.
If he ſteale for his neceſſity,
There is none other remedy,
But the law will very ſhortly
Hang him all ſaue the head.

And ſome people, with great crueltie,
Vſe the law with extremitie,
The world is all without pitie:
Of God they haue no drede.
In ſuch pryde the world is brought,
By able men they ſet right naught,
Which ere long wilbe forthought
If of them they ſhall haue nede.

The miſorder of euerie cytie
Cawſeth great dearth and pouertie.
And alas! it is great pitie
That rich men bee ſo blynd:
Which for their pride and fulſome fare,
Will plucke their neighbours bare,
And thus the people puniſhed are,
And quickly brought behind.

A rich man without wiſedom,
A wiſe man without diſcretion,
A foole naturall for his promotion
A ruler ſhall become:

Then shall he maruelous statutes try
Made by his great pollicy:
The rich be aduaunced thereby,
And the poore be cleane vndone.

Now is made marchandise
Bying and selling benefice:
A lay man will therein enterprise
That knoweth not the charge.
Craftes men now doe keepe a cure,
That with such things were neuer in vre:
So he haue the tythe, ye may be sure
The paryshe goeth at large.

Great men now take no heede
How ill so euer the commons speede,
A poore man dare not speake for drede,
For nought can they recouer.
Some gratious man set to his hand,
That good prouision may be fand,
Or els farewell the welth of the land,
Cleane vndone for euer!

Leaue the law, and vse will:
To be perjured it shall not skill,
So that I may my bagges fill,
And heyers to promote:
An other day then shall he
Be a ruler after me,
And so the poore comminaltie
Be troden vnder fote.

Enuy wayith wondrous ſtrong,
The rich doth the poore wrong :
God of his mercy ſuffreth long
    The Deuill his workes to worke.
The townes go downe, the land decayes,
Of corn fields they make playne layes :
Great men maketh now a dayes
    A ſheepe cote of the church.

The places that we rightfully call
Places of Chriſtian buryall,
Of them they make an oxes ſtall :
    Theſe men be wonders wiſe.
Commons to cloſe and them to keepe,
While poore folke cry for bread & weepe :
Towns pulled downe to paſture ſheepe,
    This is the new guyſe.

Alyents alſo haue their way,
And Engliſhmen ſtill cleane decay :
The other halfe muſt needes play,
    This is the common wealth.
Other landes aduaunced bee,
And by and ſell among us free,
And thus our owne commoditee
    Doth cleane vndoo our ſelfe.

Marchants all vſe ſubtilty :
The Church liueth viciouſly,
The commons are in pouerty :
    This land goeth to waſt.

Marchaunt men trauell the countree,
Ploughmen dwell in the citie,
Which will deſtroy us all ſhortlie,
As will be ſeene in haſt.

To gather good great men be wyſe,
But yet they can no thing deuiſe,
That of their owne witt ſhall ariſe
For a common weale.
Their wittes on that they will not breake,
But if a man againſt them ſpeake,
Other remedy ſhall he none ſeeke,
But be carried ſtraight to iaile.

Imprinted by me R. Copland.





A prayer and also a thankesgiuing

vnto God, for his great mercy in giuing and preferuing our Noble Queene Elizabeth to liue and reigne ouer vs, to his honour and glory and our comfort in Chrift Iefus: to be fung the xvii day of November 1577.

Made by I. PIT, minifter.

I exhort that fupplications, prayers and interceffions, and giuing of thankes be made for Kings and for all that bee in authoritie, that wee may lead a quiet and peaceable lyfe in all godlynes and honeftie. 1 Tim. 2, chap. 1, 2 verfes.

Sing this as the foure fcore and one Pfalme.

BE light and glad, in God reioyce,
which is our ftrength and ayd,
with ioyefull and moft pleafant heartes
let it be forth now faid :

Thou art our Lord, thou art our King,
thou art our only ſtay,
to thee will wee giue laud and praiſe,
and further let vs ſay,

Wee praiſe thee, God, wee knowledge thee
the only Lord to bee
for thy great mercy on vs ſhewde,
as this day wee may ſee.
To thee wee cry, and alſo gyue
moſt high thanks, laud and prayſe
for thy good giftes, which wee receiue
both now and all our daies.

O holy, holy, holy Lord!
ſhalbe our dayly ſong
for thy good giftes beſtowed on vs
this ninetene yeres now long;
And for our Queen Elizabeth,
which ſo long time hath been,
through thy good prouidence, O Lord!
our good & gracious Queen.

The company of hygh and lowe
doe prayſe thy holy name,
both yong and olde, both riche & poore
with heart do euen the ſame,
Acknowledging thy maieſtie
to be the only ſtay
through Chriſt our Lord & Sauiour,
our light, our trueth, our way.

The holy ghoſt our comforter
doth teach vs all in deed
how we ſhould walke in thy true feare,
and call on thee in need,
For that our ſinnes moſt grieuous are,
and do deſerue thine yre :
wee pray thee pardon vs ech one ;
thy mercy wee require.

And graunt our Queene Elizabeth
with vs long tyme to reigne,
this land to keepe ful long in peace,
and goſpell to maineteine :
In true obedience of the ſame
together we may lyue,
with long lyfe and moſt perfitte ioye,
O Lord ! vnto her giue.

And giue vnto her councell grace,
through working of this ſprite,
in goſpels lore and common wealthe
to haue a great delight ;
The ſame to bring in perfite ſtate,
and ſo the ſame to ſtay
againſt all wicked perverſe men,
good Lord ! graunt this we pray.

Lord ! helpe thy ſeruants which do crye
and cal to thee for ayd,
that enmies thence be put to flight,
and wicked men diſmayd :

And let vs all moſt ioyfully
    with hearts tryumph and ſay,
thy name be bleſſed now, O Lord!
    for this moſt ioyfull day.

Wee magnifie thee euery one,
    and wil do while wee lyue,
for thy great mercy ſhewde on vs
    for this gift thou didſt giue;
Elizabeth our noble Queene,
    which as this day tooke place
in royall ſeat this Realme to guide,
    Lord, bleſſe and keepe her grace!

From foreine foes, O Lord! her keepe,
    and enemies at home,
from fained friends and trayterous hearts
    preſerue her, Lord, alone;
For thou only art her defence,
    in thee doth ſhee whole truſt:
ſaue and keepe her, O Lord, therefore
    for thy mercies moſt iuſt.

O Lord! our truſt and confidence
    wee do repoſe in thee,
for thou doeſt neuer fayle them, Lord,
    that do put truſt in thee:
With faithfull hearts we do now pray
    that thou wilt ſo maintaine
our gracious Queen Elizabeth
    long ouer vs to raigne.

Then ſhall wee ſing with ioyfull hearts
All glory be to thee
the Father, Sonne, and holy Ghoſt
which be in perſons three !
As it hath bene in all the time
that hath bene heretofore,
as it is now, and ſo ſhalbe
hence forth for euermore.
Amen.

1 Theſſalonians the v Chap. 16, 17 and 18 verſes.

Reioyce euer. Praye continually. In all things giue thankes, for this is the will of God in Chriſt Ieſus towards you.

FINIS.

Imprinted by Chriſtopher Barkar.

Alowed by authoritie.



Englands Lamentation

For the late Treafons confpired againft the Queenes Maieftie by Frances Throgmorton : who was executed at Tyborne, on the 10 day of July, Anno 1584.

To the tune of Weepe, weepe.

WITH brinisfhe teares, with fobbing fighes,
I, Englande, plunge in paine,
To fee and heare fuch fecret fectes
amongft my people raine.

Now being in my golden prime
  where nectar ſweete doth flowe,
And where Gods ſacred worde is taught,
  eche Chriſtians ioye to ſhowe.
    Pray, pray, and praiſe the Lord, &c.

And where the Lord of Lords hath ſet,
  his handmaide pure and cleene,
Annoynting her my rightfull Prince,
  to raigne a royall Queene:
Indued with wiſedome from above,
  and ſtorde with knowledge great,
That flying Fame through all the world
  her praiſes doth repeate.
    Pray, pray, &c.

Who to the ſacred worde doth ſtande
  with zeale and godly minde,
Maintaining truth, embracing faith,
  and to eche ſubject kinde.
Alas! why then, my people deare,
  what is the cauſe you ſwerue
Againſt the Lords annoynted, ſo
  your owne ſelfe willes to ſerue?
    Pray, pray, &c.

Haue you not peace and plentie ſtore,
  which other realmes do want?
Haue you not worldly pleaſures more,
  whereof there is no ſkant?
Haue I not foſtered you with foode,
  which Nature yeelds not loth?

Haue I not fed you dayntily
with milke and hony both?
Pray, pray, &c.

And haue not I a carefull Prince,
the prop of all our ſtay,
Which loueth me, which cares for you,
and prayes for vs eche day?
What is the cauſe ſuch miſchiefes then,
among you doe remaine?
Truely the fulnes of the fleſh,
which you ſo much obtaine.
Pray, pray, &c.

It makes me weepe with trickling teares,
and wring my hands full colde,
To heare, to ſee, and thinke vpon
the dangers manyfolde
My louing Prince and Queene is in,
by meanes of Satans crew:
Which often doth conſpire the death
of her, my louer true.
Pray, pray, &c.

How many miſcheefes are deuiſed!
how many wayes are wrought!
How many vilde conſpiracies
againſt her Grace are brought!
Yet God that rules in heauens aboue,
lookes downe on earth below,
And dauntes them in their wickedneſſe,
and his great power doth ſhowe.

For when hir highnes doth not ſee
what dangers are at hande,
Then doth he ſhewe by ſecret meanes,
thoſe perils to withſtande;
And will not let his choſen flocke
to periſhe on the earth,
And doth her ſecret foes confounde,
by doome of ſhamefull death.
Pray, pray, &c.

As late was ſeene by Arden he,
and Sommeruile alſo,
Who did pretende to kill my Queene,
and worke her ſubjects woe:
But God, who doth her ſtill defende,
her Grace he did preſerue,
And wrought a ſhame vnto them all,
as they did beſt deſerue.
Pray, pray, &c.

Throgmorton lately did conſpire
to ouerthrowe the State:
That ſtrangers might inuade the realme
vpon an euening late,
And lande in places where he knewe
the realme was ſomething weake;
The ſecret of which thing he did
to forraigne Princes breake.
Pray, pray, &c.

His dealing with the Queene of Scottes
by letters too and fro,

Informed her and other ftates
of all that he did knowe:
What frends in England they fhould find,
what power they muft neede,
Our Queene thereby for to difplace:
this was a treacherous deede.
Pray, pray, &c.

He fought to difpoffeffe my Queene
of dignitie and crowne,
And place a ftranger on her throne,
to tread her people downe.
Ireland and Scotland by aduife,
the enemie fhould inuade;
Then into England bring a power,
as he the plot had laide.
Pray, pray, &c.

Thefe were the treafons which he wrought
my good Queene to difplace;
To fpoyle the ftate of all this realme,
fuch was his want of grace:
But God, who doth protect me ftill,
offended at the fame,
Euen in his yong and tender yeeres,
did cut him off with fhame.
Pray, pray, &c.

O thou, Throgmorton, wicked youth!
why didft thou this defpight?
Why did the feare of God and prince,
depart fo from thy fight?

No rebelles power ſhall her diſplace ;
God will defende her ſtill :
Her ſubiectes all will loſe their liues,
ere traytors haue their will.
Pray, pray, &c.

And though he floriſht for a time,
in ſeeking his intent,
When to the pits brinke that he came,
God did his worke preuent :
And did preſerue in ſpight of him,
his choſen veſſell pure,
That ſhe might floriſh ſtill in peace
my comfort to procure.
Pray, pray, &c.

When as the ſervants of the Lorde,
I meane the Children three,
Were put into the fierie ouen,
deſtroyed for to bee,
Then fierie flames did them no harme,
they ſung and prayed with ioye ;
And thoſe which ſtood to worke their woe,
the blaſes did deſtroye.
Pray, pray, &c.

And when the children of the Lord
King Pharao did purſue,
To drowne them in the foming floods,
God was a captaine true :
The waues like walles ſtood on eche ſide,
and they free paſſage founde,

Whilſt Pharao with his mightie hoſte
came after, and were drounde.
Pray, pray, &c.

Euen ſo the Lord, by his great might,
my comfort doth maintaine,
In keeping and preſeruing right
my Prince from traitors traine :
And did preſerue her from the harmes
Throgmorton did pretende ;
Who euen at Tyborne for his crimes
did make a ſhamefull ende.
Pray, pray, &c.

And though ſuch impes do worke her ſpight
ten thouſande kinde of waies ;
Yea, though the deuill him ſelfe do fight
to ſpoyle her golden daies ;
Yet if the Lorde defende my wrong,
their courage ſoone ſhall quaile :
So long as God ſtands on her ſide,
what power can preuaile ?
Pray, pray, &c.

Therefore, my louing people, heare,
graunt England her requeſt :
Pray to the Lord, him ſerue with feare,
and traitors hearts deteſt.
Embrace the truth, lay holde on faith,
walke in the path of peace ;

Obey your Prince, maintaine her caufe,
and Englands wealth encreafe.
Pray, pray, &c.

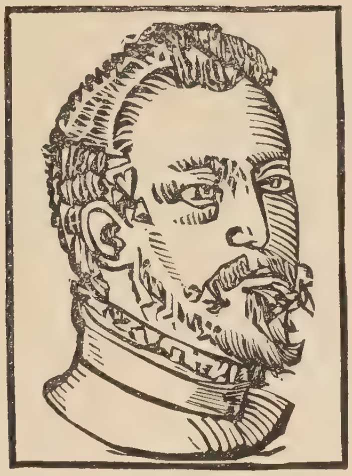
And with new warning take new hearts,
olde venomed minds deteft ;
Efchue all finne, encreafe good workes,
that you in peace may reft.
From all olde cuftomes that are euill,
put on the new man Chrift :
And newly change your former liues,
and learne to pleafe the higheft.
Pray, pray, &c.

FINIS.

W. M.

At London, imprinted by T H.





¶ An Epytaphe upon the Death of M. Rycharde Goodricke, Esquier.

———o———

YF euer Realme had caufe to rue
The death and loffe of any one,
Then hath this realme juft caufe and true
This worthy dead man to bemone,
By whom fuche treafure theyr is lofte,
As fcant the lyke in Englandes cofte.

A heade where learned Pallas fate,
And fettled wyfdome dwelte lykewife,
And grounded fkyll for cōmon ftate
That with forecafte coulde well deuyfe:
Where learnynge fyttes, with fkyll & wit,
Suche one to rule who thynkes not fyt.

A tonge that prudently coulde faye
What myght be fayde, and that with fpede ;

A wyt that knewe no ſtoppe nor ſtaye
To gyue aduiſe in tyme of nede :
    A fytter matche there coulde not be
    Then tonge and wyll, thus to agree.

A hearte moſte earneſt to mayntayne
Goddes trueth, and his vnſpotted lawe :
No hope of mede, no feare of payne,
From care of that coulde hym withdrawe.
    O bleſſed realme, whoſe rulers be
    So zelous in that thinge as he!

A man moſte redy to defende
A ryght, and here a poore mans cauſe ;
No threatnynge foe, no fawnynge frende,
Coulde make hym do agaynſte the lawe.
    As lawes defende a trueth and ryght,
    So lawyers ſhulde, withall theyr might.

Thus then the poore his helpe doth mys,
And Pallas lackes her learned knyght ;
The lawe doth lacke a lyght of his,
The realme hath loſte a worthy wyght ;
    And that whiche is the greateſt gryefe,
    Goddes worde hath loſt a membre chiefe.

And yet not loſt, whom Chriſt hath founde
And placed in heauen, I doubte it not.
Thus he that lackte his legges on grounde
Before vs all to heauen is got.
    To heauen, we ſe, the neareſt waye
    Is vertue then ; there is no naye.

FINIS. *R. M.*



The Cobler of Colchester.

A merry new Song, wherein is ſhewed the ſorowfull cudgelling of the Cobler of Colcheſter by his Wife, for the eating of her Apple Pye.

To a pleaſant new Tune called Trill lill.

WALKING abroad, not long agoe,
It was my chance to ſpye
A Coblers wife, with crabbed looke,
How ſhee her ſtrength did trie:
A cudgell great ſhe had in hand,
Both ſtrong and tough withall,

The which about her husbands pate
    She broke in peeces fmall;
So that the man to crye began,
    With voice both loud and fhrill;
But banging about with courage ftout,
    She cryed, Haue with you, trill lill!

Good people, quoth the Cobler then,
    I pray you take the paine
To faue me from my angry wife,
    Or els I fhall be flaine.
The proudeft fcab in place, quoth fhe,
    May do it if he dare;
And he fhall beare a broken pate
    From hence, by Gis I fweare.
With that again fhe goes amaine
    to worke on him her will,
And euer fhe cryeth, as on him fhe flyeth,
    Haue with you, my hartes, trill lill!

Now, Cobler, quoth this cruell queane,
    Tell mee, and do not lye,
How thou doft like the eating of
    My owne fweete apple pye?
O wife! quoth hee, the worft to mee
    That euer I did taft:
I will be ware, if thou me fpare,
    How I do make fuch wafte.
To faue his life then fome come in,
    For feare fhe would him kill,
Where banging about with courage ftout,
    She cryde, My hartes, trill lill!

Now, fye for fhame! you are to blame
Your husband thus to bang.
Tis better beare fome blowes, fhe faid,
Than he hereafter hang:
A jewell he did breake and fpoile,
Which I efteemed deare,
And I will not forgiue the fame,
No, not this twenty yeare.
You need not blame, though I fhould lame
The old knaue for this ill.
Then banging about with courage ftout,
She cryed, My harts, trill lill!

Beleeue me, quoth the Cobler then,
This thing is nothing fo:
For eating of her apple pye
She hath wrought me this wo;
And tafting of a cuftard fmall,
She for her felfe did keepe,
She hath mifus'd me, as you fee,
And made me bleede & weepe.
Thus in defpight fhe takes delight
To plague me at her will,
And euer fhe cryeth, as on me fhe flyeth,
Haue with you, my harts, trill lill!

Gip with a murrain, knaue! fhe cryes,
Muft your old chaps be fed
With cuftards and with apple pyes?
A rope fhall ftretch your head.

I'll teache you take the browne rye loafe,
and chaw the Effex cheefe,
As fitter for your rotten teeth
Then any one of thefe.
Then fhe began her owne good man
to courfe him at her will;
And euer fhe cryeth, as on him fhe flyeth,
Haue with you, my harts, trill lill!

And though, quoth fhe, indifferent well
Thy carcas I did bumme,
Yet from thy carion greedy guts
I'le fetch out euery crumme.
With that fhe did a feather take,
And in his throate it thruft,
Till vp he caft the apple pye,
The fruite as well as cruft.
The dogs, quoth fhee, fhall eate it free,
Ere it thy guts fhall fill:
And euer fhe cryeth as on him fhe flyeth,
Haue with you, my harts, trill lill!

Lo! here the fpitefull nature plaine
Wherewith she was poffeft,
For neuer was there any man
Like this poore cobler dreft:
Who made an oath, while he did liue,
Such wifedome to apply,
He would take heede how he did eate
His wife's owne apple pye,

Leaſt with that wife he fell at ſtrife,
And felt her froward will,
Who euer cryeth, as on him she flyeth,
Haue with you, my hartes, trill lill !

Imprinted at London by Andrew Wiſe, and are to be
ſold at his ſhop in Paules Church-yard.





A proper new Ballad,

breefely declaring the Death and Execution of 14 moſt wicked Traitors, who ſuffered death in Lincolnes Inne feelde neere London: the 20 and 21 of September, 1586.

To the tune of Weep, weep.

REIOYCE in hart, good people all,
ſing praiſe to God on hye
Which hath preferued vs by his power
from traitors tiranny;
Which now haue had their due deſarts,
in London lately ſeen;
And Ballard was the firſt that died
for treaſon to our Queene.
O praiſe the Lord with hart and minde,
ſing praiſe with voices cleere,
Sith traiterous crue haue had their due,
to quaile their parteners cheere.

Next Babington, that caitife vilde,
 was hanged for his hier:
His carcaſſe likewiſe quartered,
 and hart caſt in the fier.
Was euer ſeene ſuch wicked troopes
 of traytors in this land,
Againſt the pretious woord of truthe,
 and their good Queene to ſtand?
  O praiſe, &c.

But heer beholde the rage of Rome,
 the fruits of Popiſh plants;
Beholde and ſee their wicked woorks,
 which all good meaning wants;
For Sauage alſo did receaue
 like death for his deſert;
Which in that wicked enterpriſe
 ſhould then haue doon his part.
  O praiſe, &c.

O curſed catifes, void of grace!
 will nothing ſerue your turne,
But to beholde your cuntries wrack,
 in malice while you burne?
And Barnwell thou which went to view
 her grace in each degree,
And how her life might be diſpatcht,
 thy death we all did ſee.
  O praiſe, &c.

Confounding ſhame fall to their ſhare,
and helliſh torments ſting,
That to the Lords annointed ſhall
deuiſe ſo vile a thing!
O Techburne! what bewitched thee,
to haue ſuch hate in ſtore,
Againſt our good and gratious Queene,
that thou muſt dye therefore?
O praiſe, &c.

What gaine for traitors can returne,
if they their wish did win;
Or what preferment should they get
by this their trecherous ſinne?
Though forraine power loue treaſon well,
the traitors they diſpiſe,
And they the firſt that should ſuſtaine
the ſmart of their deuiſe.
O praiſe, &c.

What cauſe had Tilney, traitor ſtout,
or Abbington likewiſe,
Againſt the Lords annointed thus
ſuch miſcheef to deuiſe;
But that the Deuill inticed them
ſuch wicked woorks to render;
For which theſe ſeuen did ſuffer death
the twentith of September.
O praiſe, &c.

Seauen more the next day following
were drawen from the Tower,
Which were of their confederates,
to dye that inſtant hower :
The firſt of them was Salsburie,
and next to him was Dun,
Who did complaine moſt earneſtly
of proud yong Babington.
O praiſe, &c.

Both Lords and Knights of hye renowne
he ment for to diſplace;
And likewiſe all our towers and townes,
and cities for to race.
So likewiſe Iones did much complaine
of his deteſted pride,
And shewed how lewdly he did liue
before the time he died.
O praiſe, &c.

Then Charnock was the next in place
to taſte of bitter death,
And praying vnto holy Saints,
he left his vitall breath.
And in like maner Travers then
did ſuffer in that place,
And fearfully he left his life
with croſſing breaſt and face.
O praiſe, &c.

Then Gage was ſtripped in his ſhirt,
who vp the lather went,
And ſought for to excuſe him ſelfe
of treaſons falce intent.
And Bellamie the laſt of all
did ſuffer death that daye;
Vnto which end God bring all ſuch
as wiſh our Queenes decay!
O praiſe, &c.

O faulce and foule diſloyall men!
what perſon would ſuppoſe,
That clothes of veluet and of ſilke
ſhould hide ſuch mortall foes?
Or who would think ſuch hidden hate
in men ſo faire in ſight,
But that the Deuill can turne him ſelfe
into an angell bright?
O praiſe, &c.

But, Soueraigne Queene, haue thou no care,
for God which knoweth all,
Will ſtill maintaine thy royall ſtate,
and giue thy foes a fall:
And for thy Grace thy ſubiects all
will make their praiers ſtill,
That neuer traitor in the land
may haue his wicked will.
O praiſe, &c.

Whofe glorious daies in England heere
the mighty God maintaine,
That long vnto thy fubiects ioye
thy Grace may rule and raigne.
And, Lord! we pray for Chriftes fake,
that all thy fecret foes
May come to naught which feeke thy life,
and Englands lafting woes.
O praife the Lord with hart and minde, &c.

The names of the 7 Traitors who were executed on Tuesday being the xx of September. 1586.	The names of the other vij which were executed on the next day after.
Iohn Ballard Preeft.	Thomas Salsbury.
Anthony Babington.	Henry Dun.
Iohn Sauage.	Edward Ihones.
Robert Barnwell.	Iohn Trauers.
Chodicus Techburne.	Iohn Charnock.
Charles Tilney.	Robert Gage.
Edward Abbington.	Harman Bellamy.

FINIS. *T. D.*

Imprinted at London at the Long Shop
adioyning vnto Saint Mildreds
Churche in the Pultrie by
Edward Allde.



A fearefull and terrible Example

of Gods iuſte iudgement executed vpon a lewde Fellow,
who vſually accuſtomed to ſweare by
Gods Blood: which may be
A CAUEAT TO ALL THE WORLD
*That they blaſpheme not the name of their God
by Swearing.*

———o———

O MORTALL men! which in this world
for time haue your repaſt,
Approch the fearefulleſt thing to heare,
and which hath happened laſt:
Yea, ſuch a thing as doth import
the Lord our God on hye,

Through ſwearing by his bleſſed name,
    and that moſt vſually.

Which ſtraunge event whilſt that I do
    perpend and to minde call,
My penne, in troth, is readie preſt
    out of my hand to fall :
My hart alſo doth quaile in breſt,
    my eyes diſtill a pace,
The ſaulte and briniſh teares alſo
    do trickle downe my face.

But yet, good pen, hold on thy courſe,
    to write do thou not linne,
For I the truth to proſecute
    hereof will now beginne.
There is a towne in Lincolnſhire,
    which Boothbie hath to name,
Juſt three miles diſtant from Grantham,
    a towne of ancient fame.

Wherein there dwells a gentleman,
    the truth for to decyde,
Who Frauncis Pennell called is :
    this may not be denyde.
It pleaſed God this gentleman
    into his houſe to hire
A ſeruingman to attend on him,
    and borne in Worceſterſhire.

Which ſayd young man inclyned was
vnto a thing not good,
As for to ſweare by Chriſt his fleſh,
and by his precious blood :
It was his uſuall kinde of oath
(O Sataniſt moſt vile)
Wherewith he did his liuing God
pollute and eke defyle.

Meaning in iuſtice for to make
this viper varlet he,
A terrour vnto all the world
of ſwearing for to be.
Our Lord commaunded Death at him
to ſhoote his fatall dart,
Who ſtraight, without protract of time,
gorde him vnto the hart.

Now when that he the panges of death
did feele and eke ſuſtaine,
Then he began, as you haue heard,
Gods name for to blaſpheme ;
And neuer ceaſed for to ſweare
by Ieſus Chriſt his blood,
Vntill his ſoule at the laſt gaſpe
foorth of his body yood.

And in this cruell extaſie
he paſſionate did lie
The ſpace of three or foure whole weekes,
ſtill ſwearing bitterly.

Now when that he had languiſhed
the ſpace that I haue ſayde,
The people they perceiuing that
of force he muſt be dead,

Cauſed the bell for to be tollde,
that all for him might pray;
Beſeeching God his ſoule to keepe
againſt the dreadfull day.
But when that he had heard the bell
knolling moſt drerilie,
He ruſhing vp ſaid, by Gods blood
this bell it tolles for me.

He had no ſooner ſpoke theſe words
which I haue ſhewd to you,
But that a pace his heart blood did
foorth of his body flowe;
For why out of his fingers endes
his blood did ſtreame full faſt,
So did it foorth at his toes endes,
which made them all agaſte.

And yet the Lord proceeded foorth
this trayterous wight to ſcourge.
The blood guſht out, yea, at his wriſts
much like the foming ſurge;
So did it alſo at his noſe
runne foorth aboundantlie,
With other filthie excrements
which man doth loathe to ſee.

Thus died he, committing
his ſoule to Furies fell,
Which doe poſſeſſe th' infernall gulfe
and laberinth of hell.
Than was his body ſtraight interde,
although in truth forlorne,
For whome it had beene better farre
if he had not beene borne.

Whoſe hart is now ſo obdurate,
that hearing of this thing
Will not permit out of the ſame
great flouds of teares to ſpring;
Or whoſe minde is ſo faſcinate,
or eke ſo lullde on ſleepe,
That for to heare hereof will not
conſtrained be to weepe?

And that for feare he ſhould his God
through ſwearing thus offend,
And thereby purchaſe to him ſelfe
like dyre and rufull end.
O you! that ſweare at euerie word,
repleate with diuelrie,
For to abſtaine from ſwearing vile
let this a caueat be.

For ſure I am we neuer ought
at any time to ſweare,
Except the Chriſtian magiſtrate
by lawe doo it require;

And if before him we doo ſweare
  in truth and holineſſe,
The Lord himſelfe acknowledgeth
  he thereby honourd is.

And thus I end, beſeeching God
  of his eſpeciall grace,
That we all ſinfull ſwearing may
  abandon in each place.
Elizabeth, our noble Queene,
  good Lord, preſerue and ſheeld,
That ſhe thy chaſt & faithfull ſpowſe
  may ſtill maintaine and build.

FINIS.

Philip Stubbes.

Imprinted at London for W. Wright, and
are to be ſold at his ſhop
in the Poultrie.



The Northern Lord.

IN FOUR PARTS.

To a pleaſant new Tune.

A NOBLE lord of high renowne
Two daughters had, the eldeſt browne ;
The youngeſt beautifull and faire.
By chance a noble knight came there.

The father ſaid, Kind ſir, I haue
Two daughters, & which do you craue ?
One that is beautifull, he cryed,
The noble knight he then replyed.

She's young, ſhe's beautifull and gay,
And is not to be giuen away;
But, as jewels are bought and ſold,
She ſhall bring me her weight in gold.

The price, methinkes, you neede not grutch,
Since I will freely giue as much
With her owne ſiſter; if I can
Finde out ſome other nobleman.

With that beſpake the noble knight:
More welcome is the beauty bright
At that high rate, renowned lord,
Then the other with a vaſt reward.

So then the bargain it was made;
But ere the money could be paide
He borrow'd it of a wealthy Iew,
The ſum ſo large. The writings drew,

That if he failde, or miſs'd his day,
So many ounces he ſhould pay
Of his owne fleſh, inſtead of gold.
All was agreed; the ſum was told.

So he return'd immediately
Vnto the lord, where he did buy
His daughter deare, of beautie rare,
And paide him downe the money there.

He bought her ſo: it was well knowne
Vnto all men ſhe was his owne.
By her a ſon he did enioy,
A noble ſweete and comely boy.

At length the time of pay drew neare,
Whenas the knight began to feare:
He dreaded much the cruell Jew,
Because the money then was dew.

His lady aſkt him why he griev'd?
He ſaid, My jewell, I receiv'd
Such a huge ſum, and of a Jew,
And with it I did purchaſe you.

But now the day of payment's come,
I know not how to raiſe the ſumme;
He'll haue my fleſh, yea, weight for weight,
Which makes my griefe and ſorrow great.

Tush! neuer feare, the dame reply'd:
We'll croſs the raging ocean wide,
And ſo ſecure you from the fate.
To her requeſt he yeelded ſtrait.

PART II.

Then hauing paſt the raging ſeas,
They trauail'd on, till by degrees
Vnto the German court they came;
The knight, his ſonne, and comely dame.

Vnto the emperor he told
His ſtory of the ſumme of gold
That he had borrowd of a Iew,
And that for feare of death he flew.

The emperor he did erect
A court for them ; and shewd reſpect
Vnto his gueſts, becauſe they came
From Britain, that bleſt land of fame.

As here he liued in delight,
A Dutch lord told our English knight,
That he a ton of gold would lay
He could enioy his lady gay.

This Lord from her, then, was to bring
A rich and coſtly diamond ring,
That was to proue and teſtifie
How he did with his lady lye.

He tried, but neuer could obtaine
Her fauour, but with high diſdaine
She did abhor his baſe intent;
So to her chambermaid he went,

And told her, if ſhe would but ſteale
Her lady's ring, and ſo conceale
The ſame, and bring it to him ſtrait,
She ſhould enioy his whole eſtate.

In hopes of ſuch a great reward
The ring ſhe ſtole; and the Dutch lord

Did take it to the Englifh knight,
Who almoft fwounded at the fight.

Home goeth he to his lady ftrait :
Meeting her at the pallace gate,
He flung her headlong in the moate,
And left her there to finke or floate.

Soone afterward, in armour greene,
She like a warlike wight was feene;
And in moft gallant feemely fort
She rode vnto the emperors court.

Now, when the emperor behild
Her graue deportment, he was fill'd
With admiration at the fight,
Who call'd her felfe an Englifh knight.

The emperor did then reply :
An Englifh knight's condemn'd to dye
For drowning his falfe lady gay.
Quoth fhe, I'le free him, if I may.

PART III.

She to the emperor did ride,
And faid, Now let the caufe be tryde
Once more; for Iue refolu'd to faue
This noble gallant from the graue.

It was decreed, the court ſhould ſet.
The Dutch lord came, ſeeming to fret
About the ring; as if in feare
The truth would make his ſhame appeare.

And ſo it chanc'd; for ſoone they call
The maid, who on her knees did fall
Before the iudge, and did deſcry
The Dutch lord's ſhamefull treachery.

The court declared it to be ſo:
The lady too, for ought we know,
May be aliue; therefore we ſtay
The ſentence till another day.

Now the Dutch lord gaue him the ton
Of gold, that he had iuſtly wonne;
Which hauing done with ſhame and griefe,
The Engliſh lord had ſome reliefe.

The Dutch lord, to reuenge the ſpight
Upon our noble English knight,
Did ſend a letter out of hand,
And gaue the Jew to underſtand,

How he was in the German court:
Therefore, vpon this good report,
The Jew he croſt the ocean wide,
Intent on being satisfied.

Soone as he fixt his greedy eies
Vpon the knight, in wrath he cries,

Your hand and feale I haue; behold!
Your flefh Ile haue inftead of gold.

Then faid the noble knight in greene:
Sir, may not the deed be feene?
Behold it here! replyed the Jew,
But I refolue to haue my due.

Lo! then the knight began to reade.
At laft he faid: I find in deede
Nothing but flesh you are to haue.
Anfwerd the Jew, That's all I craue.

The poore diftreffed knight was broght:
The bloody-minded Jew he thought
That day to be reuengde on him,
And cut his flefh from euery limb.

The knight in greene faid to the Iew.
Theres nothing els but flefh your due:
Then, fee no drop of blood you fhed,
For if you do, you lofe your head.

Now take your due with all my hart;
But with his blood we will not part.
With that the Iew foone went his way,
Nor had another word to fay.

PART IV.

No fooner were thefe troubles paft
But the wifes father came in haft,
Determin'd for to haue his life
For drowning his beloued wife.

Ouer the feas her father brought
Many braue horfes: one was bought
By the difguifed knight in greene,
Which was the beft that ere was feene.

They brought her lord from prifon then,
Guarded by many armed men,
Vnto the place where he muft dye;
And the greene knight was ftanding by.

Then from her fide her fword fhe drew,
And ran her gelding through and through.
Her father afkt, Why doft thou fo?
I may; it is mine owne, you know.

You fold your gelding, 'tis well knowne;
I bought it, making it mine owne,
And may doe what I pleafe with it.
So then to her he did fubmit.

Here is a man arraign'd and caft,
And brought to fuffer death at laft,
Becaufe your daughter deare he flue;
But if he did, concerns it you?

You had your money, when you ſold
Your daughter for her weight in gold:
Wherefore he might, as I haue ſhowne,
Do what him pleaſed with his owne.

Then, hauing chang'd her armour greene,
And dreſt her ſelfe like to a queene,
Her father and her husband ſtrait
Both knew her; and their ioy was great.

Soone did they carry this report
Vnto the famous German court,
How the renowned English knight
Had found at length his lady bright.

The emperor and his lords of fame
With cheerfull harts did then proclaim
An vniuerſall ioy, to ſee
This lady's life and libertie.

FINIS.



A warning to all false Traitors

BY EXAMPLE OF 14.

Wherof vi. were executed in diuers places neere about London, and 2 neere Braintford, the 28. day of Auguſt, 1588.

Alſo at Tyborne were executed the 30 *day vj. namely* 5 *Men and one Woman. To the tune of Greenſleeues.*

YOU traitors all that doo deuiſe
To hurt our Queene in trecherous wiſe,
And in your hartes doo ſtill ſurmize
which way to hurt our England,
Conſider what the ende will be
Of traitors all in their degree,
Hanging is ſtill their deſtenye,
that trouble the peace of England.

Will not examples make you true,
But you will ſtill the ſteppes enſue
Of the vngodly Romiſh crue
that trouble the peace of England ?
Remember Felton, long agoe,
And Campion that was hang'd alſo,
With a number great of traitors moe,
that troubled the peace of England.

Then Parrie, and Throckmorton eke,
Of traiterous drifts were not to ſeeke,
And diuers other haue doone the like
to trouble the peace of England :
And Babbington, with his wicked traine,
Continually did beate their braine
Which way and how they might obtaine
to trouble the peace of England.

But God, we ſee, hath ſtill made knowne
Their wicked meaninges euery one,
And death hath made their harts to grone,
that troubled the peace of England :
Yet will not theſe examples good
Once ſtay theſe traitors madding mood,
But ſtill they ſeeke to ſuck the blood,
of our gratious Queene of England.

As late neer London there was ſeene
Two traitors hang'd on Myle-end greene,
Which did take part againſt our Queene,
to trouble her realme of England :

The firſt a preeſt, his name was Deane,
The next was Weblin, who did meane
To helpe the Spaniards for to gleane
the fruites of the realme of England.

The next in Finsberrie feeld their died
A preeſt that was a traitor tryed,
His name was Gunter, who denied
to helpe the good Queene of England :
But he would, for the Spaniards ſake,
Prouide inuaſion for to make,
And gainſt our Queene their partes to take
to trouble the peace of England.

There died in Lincolnes feelde also
Moorton, a cruell traitor, too,
He being a preeſt, with other moe,
did come to trouble our England:
And in that place there died with him
One Moore, that was a traitor grim,
Who would haue ventured life and lim
to hurt the good Queene of England.

There died eke at Clarkenwell
A preeſt, that was a traitor fell,
His name was Acton, trueth to tell,
that troubled the peace of England;
For why, he ſought for to maintaine
The Pope, and eke the Spanish traine,
And did our gratious Queene diſdaine,
with all that loue her in England.

Then Felton yong, who did upholde
The Pope, as did his father olde:
His falſe hart he to treaſon ſolde,
to trouble the peace of England.
To Braintford he was had to dye,
Whereas he ſtoutly did deny
To helpe our Queene and her cuntrye,
but ſought the decay of England.

And in like manner Clarkſon, he
To Braintford went for company,
Where both were hanged vpon a tree
as enemies to our England:
Both preests they were, of Romish rout,
Who ſubtilly did goe about
But yet for them it was no boot,
to hurt the good realme of England.

At Tyborne dyed, the thirteth day,
Flewett and Shelley, trueth to ſay,
And Leigh, a preeſt, who did denay
to aide the good Queene of England:
Martin and Rooche, that preſent died
At Tyborne, being traitors tryed;
For, like the reſt, they had denide
to aide the good Queene of England.

One Margeret Ward there died that daye,
For from Bridewell ſhe did conuay
A traiterous preeſt with ropes away,
that ſought to trouble our England:

This wicked woman, voide of grace,
Would not repent in any case,
But defperatly even at that place,
she died as a foe to England.

When law had paffed upon them fo,
They fhould be hang'd and quartered too,
Our Queene tooke mercy on them tho,
which fought her decay in England,
And pardoned them their greateft paine ;
Yet all her pitie was in vaine,
For to afke mercy they did difdaine
of the gratious Queene of England.

But God, we fee, dooth ftill defend
Our gratious Queene unto the end,
Gainft traitors that doe ill pretend
to her and her realme of England.
God graunt that we may thankfull be
Vnto his glorious Maieftie,
That fo defendes the foueraignty
of the vertuous Queene of England.

The names of the 8. Traytors executed on the eight and twentith of Auguft.

William Deane and Henry Webley, executed at Myle-end.

William Gunter, executed at Fins-burye.

Robert Moorton and Hugh Moore, executed in Lincolns Inne feelde.

Thomas Acton, executed at Clarkenwell.

Thomas Felton and Iames Clarkſon, executed neere Braintford.

The names of them that were executed the
30 of Auguſt.

Richard Flewett, Edward Shelley, Richard Leigh, Richard Martin and Iohn Rooche, executed at Tyborne.

Alſo at the ſame time one Margaret Ward for letting a Seminarye Prieſte out of Bridewell.

FINIS.

Imprinted at London by Edward Allde
at the long ſhop near
vnto S. Mildreds
Church.



The Lamentation of Mr. Pages Wife

Of Plimouth, who, being forc'd to wed him, conſented to his Murder, for the loue of G. Strangwidge : for which they ſuffered at Barnſtable in Devonſhire.

The Tune is Fortune my Foe, &c.

——o——

VNHAPPY ſhe whom Fortune hath forlorne,
Deſpis'd of grace that profferd grace did ſcorne,
My lawleſſe loue hath luckleſſe wrought my woe,
My diſcontent content did ouerthrowe.

My lothed life to late I doe lament,
My wofull deedes in heart I doe repent :
A wife I was that wilfull went awry,
And for that fault am here preparde to dye.

In blooming yeares my Father's greedy minde,
Againſt my will, a match for me did finde :
Great wealth there was, yea, gold and ſiluer ſtore,
But yet my heart had choſen one before.

Mine eies diſlikt my fathers liking quite,
My hart did loth my parents fond delight :
My childiſh minde and fancie told to mee,
That with his age my youth could not agree.

On knees I prayde they would not me conſtraine ;
With teares I cryde their purpoſe to refraine ;
With ſighes and ſobbes I did them often moue,
I might not wed whereas I could not loue.

But all in vaine my ſpeeches ſtill I ſpent :
My mothers will my wiſhes did preuent.
Though wealthy Page poſſeſt the outward part,
George Strangwidge ſtill was lodged in my hart.

I wedded was, and wrapped all in woe ;
Great diſcontent within my hart did growe :
I loathd to liue, yet liude in deadly ſtrife,
Becauſe perforce I was made Pages wife.

My cloſen eies could not his ſight abide ;
My tender youth did lothe his aged ſide :

Scant could I tafte the meate whereon he fed ;
My legges did lothe to lodge within his bed.

Caufe knew I none I fhould difpife him fo,
That fuch difdaine within my hart fhould growe,
Saue onely this, that fancie did me moue,
And told me ftill, George Strangwidge was my loue.

Lo! heere began my downfall and decay.
In minde I mufde to make him ftrait away :
I that became his difcontented wife,
Contented was he fhould be rid of life.

Methinkes the heauens crie uengeance for my fact,
Methinkes the world condemns my monftrous act,
Methinkes within my confcience tells me true,
That for that deede hell fier is my due.

My penfiue foule doth forrow for my finne,
For which offence my foule doth bleed within;
But mercy, Lord! for mercy ftill I crye:
Saue thou my foule, and let my bodie dye.

Well could I wifh that Page enioyde his life,
So that he had fome other to his wife:
But neuer could I wifh, of low or hie,
A longer life then fee fweete Strangwidge die.

O woe is me! that had no greater grace
To ftay till he had runne out Natures race.
My deedes I rue, but more I doe repent
That to the fame my Strangwidge gaue confent.

You parents fond, that greedy-minded bee,
And feeke to graffe vpon the golden tree,
Confider well and rightfull iudges bee,
And giue your doome twixt parents loue and mee.

I was their childe, and bound for to obey,
Yet not to loue where I no loue could laye.
I married was to muck and endleffe ftrife ;
But faith before had made me Strangwidge wife.

O wretched world ! who cankerd ruft doth blind,
And curfed men who beare a greedy minde ;
And hapleffe I, whom parents did force fo
To end my dayes in forrow, fhame and wo.

You Denfhire dames, and courteous Cornwall knights,
That here are come to vifit wofull wights,
Regard my griefe, and marke my wofull end,
But to your children be a better frend.

And thou, my dear, that for my fault muft dye,
Be not affraide the fting of death to trye :
Like as we liude and loude together true,
So both at once we'le bid the world adue.

Ulalia, thy friend, doth take her laft farewell,
Whofe foule with thee in heauen fhall euer dwell.
Sweet Sauiour Chrift ! do thou my foule receiue :
The world I doe with all my heart forgiue.

And parents now, whofe greedy mindes doe fhow
Your harts defire, and inward heauie woe,

Mourn you no more, for now my heart doth tell,
Ere day be done my ſoule ſhalbe full well.

And Plimouth proude, I bid thee now farewell.
Take heede, you wiues, let not your hands rebel;
And farewell, life, wherein ſuch ſorrow ſhowes,
And welcome, death, that doth my corps incloſe.

And now, ſweete Lord! forgiue me my miſdeedes.
Repentance cryes for ſoule that inward bleedes:
My ſoule and bodie I commend to thee,
That with thy bloud from death redeemed mee.

Lord! bleſſe our Queene with long and happy life,
And ſend true peace betwixt eche man and wife;
And giue all parents wiſedome to foreſee,
The match is marrde where mindes doe not agree.

T. D.

London. Printed by Thomas Scarlet. 1591.

The Lamentation of George Strangwidge,

Who for the conſenting to the death of Mr. Page of Plymouth, ſuffered death at Barnſtable.

To the tune of Fortune.

THE man that ſighs and ſorowes for his ſin,
The corps which care and wo hath wrapped in,
In dolefull ſort records his ſwan-like ſong,
That waits for death, and loths to liue ſo long.

O Glanfield! caufe of my committed crime,
So wed to wealth as birds in bufh of lime,
What caufe hadft thou to beare fuch wicked fpight
Againft my loue, and eke my harts delight.

I would to God thy wifedome had beene more,
Or that I had not entred at thy doore,
Or that thou hadft a kinder father beene
Unto thy child, whofe yeares are yet but greene.

The match vnmeete which thou alone didft make,
When aged Page thy daughter home did take,
Well maift thou rue with teares that cannot drie,
Which is the caufe that foure of vs muft dye.

Ulalia, more bright then fummers funne,
Whofe beauty had my loue for euer wonne,
My foule more fobs to thinke of thy difgrace,
Then to behold my owne vntimely race.

The deede late done in hart I doe repent,
But that I lou'de I cannot it relent:
Thy feemly fight was euer fweete to me.
Would God my death could thy excufer be!

It was for me, alas! thou didft the fame,
On me by right they ought to laye the blame:
My worthleffe loue hath brought thy life in fcorne.
Now, wo is me that euer I was borne!

Farewell, my loue, whofe loyall hart was feene:
Would God thou hadft not halfe fo conftant beene!

Farewell, my loue, the pride of Plymouth towne ;
Farewell the flowre, whofe beauty is cut downe.

For twentie yeares great was the coft, I knowe,
Thine vnkind father did on thee beftow ;
Yet afterward fo fowre did fortune lowre,
He loft his ioy, his childe, within an howre.

My wrong and wo to God I doe commit.
Who was the caufe of matching them unfit ?
And yet my guilt I can not fo excufe,
We gaue confent his life for to abufe.

Wretch that I am, that my confent did giue !
Had I denyde, Ulalia ftill fhould liue.
Blind fancy faide, this fute doe not deny ;
Liue thou in bliffe, or els in forow dye.

O Lord ! forgiue this cruell deede of mine :
Vpon my foule let beames of mercy fhine.
In iuftice, Lord, doe thou not uengeance take :
Forgiue us both for Jefus Chrift his fake.

FINIS.

Imprinted at London by E. Allde.



The Complaint of Wallia,

For caufing of her Husband to be murdered for the love of Strangwidge, who were executed together.

To the tune of Fortune my foe.

———o———

IF ever wo did touch a womans hart,
Or griefe did gaul for fin the outward part,
My confcience, then, and heauy hart within
Can witnes well the forrow for my finne.

When yeares were young, my father forſt me wed
Againſt my will, where fancie was not fed :
I was content his pleaſure to obay,
Although my hart was linckt another way.

Great were the guifts they profferd in my ſight,
With wealth they thought to win me to delight ;
But gold nor guifts could not my minde remoue,
And I was linckt whereas I could not loue.

Methought his ſight was lothſome to mine eie;
My hart did grudge againſt him inwardly.
This diſcontent did cauſe my deadlie ſtrife,
And with this wealth did cauſe a grieuous life.

My conſtant loue was on yong Strangwidge ſet,
And wo to him that did our welfare let :
His loue ſo deepe a hold in me did take,
I would haue gone a begging for his ſake.

Wronged he was through fond deſire of gaine,
Wronged he was ene through my parents plaine.
If faith and troth a perfect pledge might bee,
I had beene wife vnto no man but hee.

Eternall God ! forgiue my fathers deede,
And graunt all maidens may take better heede.
If I had beene but conſtant to my frend,
I had not matcht to make ſo bad an end.

But wanting grace, I fought my owne decay,
And was the caufe to make my friend away ;
And he on whom my earthlie ioyes did lie,
Through my amifs a fhamefull death muft dye.

Farewell, fweete George, always my louing frend,
Needs muft I laud and loue thee to the end ;
And albeit that Page poffeft thy due,
In fight of God thou waft my husband true.

My watery eyes vnto the heauens I bend,
Crauing of Chrift his mercie to extend.
My bloudy deede to me, O Lord ! forgiue,
And let my foule within thy kingdome liue.

Farewell, falfe world, and friends that fickle be ;
All wiues farewell ; example take by mee :
Let not the Deuill to murder you infpire,
Seeke to efcape fuch foule and filthie mire.

And now, O Chrift ! to thee I yeeld my breath,
Strengthen my faith in bitter pangues of death ;
Forgiue my faults and folly of my times,
And with thy bloud wafh thou away my crimes.

FINIS.

Printed by I. R. for Edward White.



The Weauers Song

IN THE PRAISE OF LOUE AND FRIENDSHIP.

To the tune of Apelles.

WHEN Hercules did vſe to ſpin,
And Pallas wrought vpon the loome,
Our trade to flouriſh did begin,
While Conſcience went not ſelling broome:
Then loue and friendſhip did agree
To keepe the bands of amitie.

When princes ſons kept ſheepe in field,
  And queenes made cates of wheaten flowre,
Then men to lucre did not yeeld,
  Which brought good cheere in euery bowre.
Then loue and friendſhip did agree, &c.

But when the gyants huge and hie
  Did fight with ſpeares like weauers beames,
Then they in yron beds did lie,
  And brought poore men to hard extreames:
Yet loue and friendſhip did agree, &c.

Then Dauid tooke his ſling and ſtone,
  Not fearing great Goliaths ſtrength;
He pearc't his braine and broke the bone,
  Though he was fifty foote in length.
For loue and friendſhip did agree, &c.

The whiles the Greekes beſieged Troy
  Penelope apace did ſpin,
And weauers wrought with mickle ioy,
  Though gains were ſlow in comming in.
For loue and friendſhip did agree, &c.

Had Helen then ſat carding wooll,
  Whoſe beauteous face did breede the ſtrife,
Shee had not been Sir Paris trull,
  Nor caus'd ſo many loſe their life;
Yet we by loue did ſtill agree, &c.

Or had King Pryams wanton ſonne
  Been making quills with ſweete content,
He had not all his friends vndone,
  When he to Greece a gadding went.
For loue and friendſhip did agree, &c.

The cedar trees indure more ſtormes
  Then little ſhrubs that ſprout not hie :
The weauer liues more voide of harmes
  Then princes of great dignitie.
While loue and friendſhip doe agree, &c.

The ſhepheard ſitting in the field
  Doth tune his pipe with hearts delight :
When princes watch with ſpeare and ſhield,
  The poore man ſoundly ſleeps at night.
While loue and friendſhip doe agree, &c.

Yet this by proofe is dayly tride,
  For Gods good gifts we are ingrate,
And no man through the world ſo wide
  Liues well contented with his ſtate.
No loue or friendſhip we can ſee
  To hold the bands of amitie.

London, Printed for E. White.

Agincourt,

OR THE ENGLISH BOWMANS GLORY.

To a pleaſant new Tune.

AGINCOURT, Agincourt!
Know ye not Agincourt,
Where Engliſh flue and hurt
All their French foemen?
With their pikes and bills brown,
How the French were beat downe,
Shot by our Bowmen!

Agincourt, Agincourt!
Know ye not Agincourt,
Neuer to be forgot,
Or known to no men?
Where Engliſh cloth-yard arrows
Killd the French, like tame ſparrows,
Slaine by our Bowmen.

Agincourt, Agincourt!
Know ye not Agincourt,
Where we won field and fort,
French fled like wo-men?
By land, and eke by water,
Neuer was ſeene ſuch ſlaughter,
Made by our Bowmen.

Agincourt, Agincourt!
Know ye not Agincourt?

Englifh of euery fort,
    High men and low men,
Fought that day wondrous well, as
All our old ftories tell us,
    Thankes to our Bowmen !

Agincourt, Agincourt !
Know ye not Agincourt ?
Either tale or report
    Quickly will fhow men
What can be done by courage ;
Men without food or forage,
    Still lufty Bowmen.

Agincourt, Agincourt !
Know ye not Agincourt ?
Where fuch a fight was fought,
    As, when they grow men,
Our boys fhall imitate,
Nor neede we long to waite ;
    They'll be good Bowmen.

Agincourt, Agincourt !
Know ye not Agincourt ?
Where our fift Harry taught
    Frenchmen to know men ;
And when the day was done
Thoufands there fell to one
    Good Englifh Bowman.

Agincourt, Agincourt !
Huzza for Agincourt !

When that day is forgot
    There will be no men :
It was a day of glory,
And till our heads are hoary
    Praiſe we our Bowmen.

Agincourt, Agincourt !
Know ye not Agincourt ?
When our beſt hopes were nought,
    Tenfold our foemen,
Harry led his men to battle,
Slue the French like ſheep and cattle,
    Huzza ! our Bowmen.

Agincourt, Agincourt !
Know ye not Agincourt ?
O, it was noble ſport !
    Then did we owe men :
Men who a victory won us
Gainſt any odds among us :
    Such were our Bowmen.

Agincourt, Agincourt !
Know ye not Agincourt ?
Deare was the victory bought
    By fifty yeomen.
Aſk any English wench,
They were worth all the French :
    Rare English Women !

FINIS.

Printed for Henry Harper in Smithfield.



A ioyfull new Ballad,

Declaring the happie obtaining of the great Galeazzo, wherein Don Pedro de Valdez was the Chiefe, through the mightie Power and Prouidence of God; being a ſpeciall token of his gracious and fatherly goodneſſe towards vs: to the great encouragement of all thoſe that willingly fight in defence of his Goſpell, and our good Queene of England.

O NOBLE England!
fall downe vpon thy knee,
And prayſe thy God with thankfull hart
which ſtill maintaineth thee.

The forraine forces
    that ſeeke thy vtter ſpoyle
Shall then through his eſpeciall grace
    be brought to ſhamefull foyle.

With mighty power
    they came vpon our coaſt:
To ouer runne our countrie quite,
    they made their brag and boaſt.
In ſtrength of men
    they ſet their onely ſtay,
But we vpon the Lord our God
    will put our truſt alway.

Great is their number
    of ſhippes vpon the ſea,
And their prouiſion wonderfull,
    but, Lord! thou art our ſtay:
Their armed ſouldiers
    are many by account,
Their aiders eke in this attempt
    doe ſundrie wayes ſurmount.

The Pope of Rome,
    with many bleſſed graines,
To ſanctify their bad pretence
    beſtowde both coſt and paines:
But, little Iſland,
    be not diſmayde at all;
The Lord, no doubt, is on our ſide,
    which ſoone will worke their fall.

In happie hower
our foes we did difcry,
All vnder faile with gallant winde
as they came paffing by.
Which fodaine tidings
to Plymouth being brought,
Full foone our Lord high Admirall
for to purfue them fought.

And to his men
courageoufly he faide,
Now for the Lord, and our good Queene
to fight be not afraide.
Regard our caufe,
and play your partes like men.
The Lord, no doubt, will profper vs
in all our actions then.

This great Galeazzo
which was fo huge and high,
That like a bulwarke on the fea
did feeme to each mans eie:
There was it taken
vnto our great reliefe,
And diuers nobles, in which traine
Don Pedro was the chiefe.

Strong was fhe ftuft
with cannon great and fmall,
And other inftruments of warre,
which we obtained all:

A certaine figne
    of good fucceffe, we truft,
That God will ouer throw the reft,
    as he hath done the firft.

Then did our nauie
    purfue the reft amaine,
With roaring noife of cannons great
    till they neere Callis came.
With manly courage
    they followed them fo faft,
An other mighty Galleon
    they made to yeeld at laft.

And in diftreffe,
    for fafegard of their liues,
A flag of truce they did hang out
    with many mournfull cries.
Which when our men
    did perfectly efpye,
Some little barkes they fent to her
    to board her prefently.

But thefe falfe Spanyards,
    efteeming them but weake,
When they within their danger came,
    their mallice foorth did breake.
With charged cannons
    they layde about them then,
For to deftroy thofe proper barkes,
    and all their valiant men.

Which when our men
perceiued ſo to bee,
Like lions fierce they forward went
to quite this iniurie;
And boarding them
with ſtrong and mightie hand,
They killd the men vntill the arke
did ſinke in Callice ſand.

The chiefeſt captaine
of this Galleon ſo hye,
Don Hugo de Moncaldo he
in this ſame fight did dye:
Who was the generall
of all the Galleons great,
But through his braines with powders force
a bullet ſtrong did beat.

And many more
by ſword did loſe their breath,
And many more within the ſea
did ſwimme and tooke their death.
There might you ſee
the ſalt and foming floud
Dyed and ſtaind like ſkarlet red,
with ſtore of Spaniſh bloud.

This mightie veſſell
was three ſcore yards in length,
Moſt wonderfull to each mans eie
for making and for ſtrength:

In her was placed
an hundred cannons great,
And mightily prouided eke
with bread, corne, wine and meat.

There was of oares
two hundered, I weene,
Three ſcore foote and twelue in length
well meaſured to be ſeene :
And yet ſubdued
with many other more,
And not a ſhip of ours loſt :
the Lord be thankt therefore !

Our pleaſant countrie,
ſo fruitfull and ſo faire,
They doe intend by deadly warre
to make both poore and bare :
Our townes and citties
to racke and ſacke likewiſe,
To kill and murther man and wife
as malice doth auise.

And to deflower
our virgins in our ſight,
And in the cradle cruelly
the tender babe to ſmite :
Gods holy truth
they meane for to caſt downe,
And to depriue our noble Queene
both of her life and crowne.

Our wealth and riches,
which we enioyed long,
They doe appoint their pray and ſpoyle
by crueltie and wrong.
To ſet our houſes
a fire ore our heads,
And curſedly to cut our throates,
as we lie in our beds.

Our childrens braines
to daſh againſt the ground,
And from the earth our memorie
for euer to confound :
To change our ioy
to griefe and mourning ſad,
And neuer more to ſee the dayes
of pleaſure we have had.

But God almightie
be bleſſed euer more,
Who doth encourage Engliſhmen
to driue them from our ſhore ;
With roaring cannons
their haſtie ſteps to ſtay,
And with the force of thundring ſhot
to make them flie away.

Who made account
before this time of daye,
Againſt the walls of faire London
their banners to diſplay :

But their intent
    the Lord will bring to nought,
If faithfully we call and pray
    for ſuccour, as we ought.

And you, deare brethren,
    which beareth armes this day
For ſafeguard of your natiue ſoyle,
    marke well what I ſhall ſay :
Regarde well your duties,
    thinke on your countries good,
And feare not in defence thereof
    to ſpend your deareſt blood.

Our gratious Queene
    doth greete you euery our,
And faith ſhe will amongſt you be
    in every bitter ſtoure ;
Deſiring you
    true Engliſh harts to beare
To God and her, and to the land
    wherein you nurſed were.

Lord God almightie
    which hath the harts in hand
Of every perſon to diſpose,
    defend this Engliſh land !
Bleſſe thou our Soueraigne
    with long and happie life,
Indue her Councell with thy grace,
    and end this mortall ſtrife.

Giue to the reſt
of Commons more or leſſe,
Louing harts, obedient mindes,
and perfect faithfulneſſe,
That they and we,
and all with one accord,
On Sion Hill may ſing the prayſe
Of our all mightie Lord.

Imprinted at London by R. I.



The Good Shepeheard.

ALONG the verdant fields all richly dide
With Natures paintments, and with Floras pride ;
Whoſe goodly bounds are liuely chryſtall ſtreames,
Begirt with bowres to keepe backe Phœbus beames :

Euen when the quenchlesse torch, the Worlds great eie,
Aduanc't his rayes athwartly from the skie,
And by his power and heauenly influence
Reuiude the seeds of Springs decaied essence:

Then manie flockes vnite in peace and loue,
Not seeking ought but naturall behoue,
Past quietly, vnchargde with other care,
Saue of the feede within that pasture faire.

Thesè flockes a shepheard had of power & skill,
To fold and feede and saue them from all ill;
By whose aduise they liude, whose wholsome voyce
They heard, and feard with loue, and did reioyce

Therein with melodie of song, and praise,
And daunce to magnifie his name alwaies.
He is their guide, they are his flocke and fold,
Nor will they bee by anie else controlld;

Well knowing that whom he takes care to feede,
He will preserue and saue in time of neede.
Thus liude this holy flocke at harts content,
Till cruell beasts, all set on rauishment,

Broke off their peace, and ran vpon with rage
Themselues, their yong, and all their heritage,
Slitting their throates, deuouring lambes and all,
And dissipating them that scapt the thrall.

Then did this iolly feast to fast transforme,
(So askt the fury of that ragefull storme)

Their ioyfull ſong was turnd to mournfull cries,
And all their gladneſſe chang'd to welladaies.

Whereat heauen grieuing clad it ſelfe in blacke,
And earth in vproare triumph'd at their wracke.
What profits then the ſheepehooke of their guide,
Or that he lies vpon a beacons ſide,

With watchfull eies to circumſcribe their traine,
And hath no more regard vnto the paine,
To ſaue them from the daunger imminent,
Say ſome, as are ſo often incident?

Tis not for that his arme wants ſtrength to breake
All proud attempts that men of might doe make;
Or that he will abandon vnto death
His owne, deare bought with the exchange of breath.

Nor muſt we thinke that though they dye they periſh:
Death dyes in them, and they in death refloariſh,
And this lifes loſſe a better life renues
Which after death eternally enſues.

Though then their paſſions neuer ſeeme ſo great,
Yet neuer comfort wants to ſwage their heate:
Though ſtrength of torments be extreame in durance,
Yet are they quencht by hope and faithes aſſurance.

For thankfull hope, if God be grounded in it,
Aſſures the heart and pacifies the ſpirit:

To them that loue and reuerence his name
Profperity betides, and want of fhame.

Thus can no tyrant pull them from the hands
Of mighty God, that for their fafety ftands,
Who euer fees, and euer can defend :
Them whom he loues he loues vnto the end.

So that the more their furie ouerfloweth,
The more eche on his owne deftruction foweth ;
And as they ftriue with God in pollicie,
So are they fooner brought to miferie.

Like as the fauage boar, diflodge from den
And hotely chafed by purfuit of men,
Runnes furioufly on them that come him neare,
And goares him felfe vpon the hunters fpeare.

The gentle puiffant Lamb, their champion bold,
So helps to conquer all that hurt his fold,
That quickly they and all their progenie
Confounded are, and brought to miferie.

This is of Juda the couragious Lion,
The conquering Captaine, and the Rocke of Sion,
Whofe fauour is as great to Jacobs line,
As is his fearfull frowne to Philiftine.

FINIS. *T. B.*

Printed at London by A. Iflip. 1597.



Salomons Housewife,

OR THE PRAISE OF A GOOD WIFE, AS SET FORTH IN HIS PROVERBS.

Who can finde a vertuous woman, her price is aboue rubies.—Prov.

———o———

HE that a gratious wife doth finde,
    Whoſe life puts vertue chiefe in ure,
One of the right good houſwife kinde,
    That man may well him ſelfe aſſure,
And boaſting ſay that he hath found
The richeſt treaſure on the ground :

Whoſo enioyeth ſuch a loue,
    Let him reſolue with harts content,
She euer conſtantly will proue
    A carefull nurſe and want prevent ;
With diligence and carefull heede,
Preuenting taſt of beggers neede.

And while ſhe liues ſhe will procure,
    By true and faithfull induſtrie,
Tencreaſe his wealth, and to inſure
    His ſtate in all ſecuritie :
To ſeeke his quiet, worke his eaſe,
And for a word no way diſpleaſe.

Her houſhold folke from ſloth to keepe
    She will indeuour with good heede ;
At worke more wakefull then aſleepe,
    With place and ſtuffe which houſwifes neede
To be employde : her hands alſo
The way to worke will others ſhow.

Her wit a common wealth maintaines
    Of needments for her houſhold ſtore,
And, like a ſhip, herſelfe containes
    The riches brought from forraine ſhore
Arriuing, with a bounteous hand,
Diſpearſing treaſure through the land.

Before the day ſhe will ariſe
To order things, and to prouide
What may her family ſuffiſe,
That they at labour may abide.
If ſhe haue land, no paines ſhall want
To purchaſe vines, ſet, ſow and plant.

No honeſt labour ſhele omit
In aught ſhe can attaine vnto,
But will eſſay with ſtrength and wit,
Adding the utmoſt ſhe can doe;
And if the profit comes about,
By night her candle goeth not out.

A willing hand to the diſtreſt
She lends, and is a cheerfull giuer:
Come winters cold and froſtie gueſt,
When idle houſwifes quake and quiuer,
She and her houſhold cloathed well,
The weathers hardneſſe do expell.

Her ſkill doth worke faire tapeſtry,
With linnen furniſht of the beſt:
Her needle workes doe beautifie,
And ſhe in coſtly ſkarlet dreſt:
When ſenators aſſembled bee
Her husbands honour there ſhele ſee.

Her fpinning fhall her ftore increafe ;
The fineft cloath fhall yeeld her gaine,
And daily profit fhall not ceafe,
Which her vnidle hands maintaine.
Her cloathing fhall her worth expreffe,
And honours yeares her end poffeffe.

Her mouth fhall neuer opened bee,
But wifedome will proceede from it ;
And fuch milde gratious wordes yeelds fhe,
Sweetneffe vpon her tong doth fit.
In age fhe will her care addreffe
To eate no bread of idleneffe.

Her children fhall their duty fhow
Moft reuerent to her all her life,
Her husband bleffe that he did know
The time to meete with fuch a wife ;
And vttering foorth his happineffe,
Her vertues in this wife expreffe.

I know tis true that more then one
Good houfwife there is to be found,
But I may boaft that thou alone
Aboue all women doft abound :
Yea, I proteft in all my dayes
Thou art the firft, and this thy praife.

What thing is fauour but a ſhade ?
    It hath no certaine laſting hower ;
Whereof is wanton beautie made,
    That withereth like a ſommers flower ?
When theſe shall end their date of dayes,
She that feares God shall liue with prayſe.

And ſuch a wife of worthie woorth,
    Due glories lot will to her fall,
And great aſſemblies will giue foorth
    What vertues shees adornd withall :
Her lifes renowme to fame shall reach,
Her good example others teach.

May batchelors of each degree,
    In chooſing of a beauteous wife,
Remember, what is ioy to ſee
    May lead to wofulneſſe and ſtrife :
Beauty is not a braue outſide ;
Beauty within is beauty's pride.

T. D.

FINIS.

Printed for the Aſſignes of T. Simcocke.



The Story of Ill May-day

In the time of King Henry viij, and why it was ſo called : and how Queene Katherine begged the Liues of two thouſand London Prentices.

To the tune of Eſſex good night.

—— o ——

PERUSE the ſtory of this land,
and with aduiſement note the ſame,
And you ſhall iuſtly vnderſtand
how Ill May-day firſt got the name :
For when King Henry th'eight did raigne,
and rulde our famous kingdome here,
His royall Queene he had from Spaine,
with whome he liude full many a yere.

Queene Katherine, as our ſtories tell,
ſometime had beene his brothers wife,
By which vnlawfull marriage fell
an endleſſe trouble during life:
But ſuch kinde loue he ſtill conceiude
of his good Queene and all her friends,
It was in Spaine and France perceiude,
and hither all their journey tends.

They with good leaue were ſuffered
within our noble realme to ſtay;
Which multitude made victual deare,
and all things els from day to day:
For ſtrangers then did ſo increaſe,
by reaſon of King Henries Queene,
And all were priuiledgde in peace
to dwell in London, as was ſeene.

Our tradeſmen had ſmall dealing then,
and who but ſtrangers bore the bell;
Which was a griefe to Engliſh men,
to ſee them here in London dwell.
Wherefore, God wot, on May-day eue,
as prentices on maying went,
They made the magiſtrates beleeue
they had no other bad intent.

But ſuch a may-game it was knowne,
the like in London neuer were;
For by the ſame full many a one
with loſſe of life did pay full deere:

Then thoufands came with Bilbo blade,
as with an army they should meete,
And fuch a bloudy flaughter made
of ftraungers as fillde all the ftreete,

And made the channels run with blood
in euery ftreete where they remainde ;
Yea, euery one in danger ftood
that any of their part maintainde.
The rich, the poore, the olde, the yong,
beyond the feas if born and bred,
By prentices there fuffred wrong
when armed thus they gatherd head.

Such multitudes together went,
no warlike troopes could them withftand,
Nor yet by pollicy preuent
what they by force thus tooke in hand ;
Till at the laft King Henries power
this multitude had compaft round,
And with the ftrength of Londons Tower
they were by force fuppreft and bound.

Hundreds were hangd by martial law
on fign pofts at their mafters doores,
By which the reft were kept in awe,
and frighted from fuch lewd vproars.
Some others who their fact repented,
two thoufand prentices at leaft,
Were all before the king prefented,
as Maior and magiftrates thought beft.

And two and two together tyde,
 through Temple Bar and Strand they goe
To Weſtminſter there to be tryde,
 with ropes about their neckes alſo :
But ſuch a crye in euery ſtreete
 till then was neuer heard nor knowne,
By mothers for their children ſweete
 vnhappily thus ouerthrowne.

Their bitter moanes and ſad laments
 did reach the Court and places neare,
Whereat the Queene her ſelfe relents,
 though it concernd her countrey deare.
What if, quoth ſhee, by Spaniſh blood
 haue Londons ſtately ſtreetes beene wet,
Yet will I ſeeke faire Englands good,
 and pardon for theſe young men get.

Or els the world will ſpeake of mee,
 and ſay Queene Katherine was vnkind,
And iudge me ſtill the cauſe to bee
 theſe young men did misfortune finde
And ſo, diſrobde of rich attires,
 with haire hangd downe, ſhe ſadly hies,
And of her gracious Lord requires
 a boone, which hardly he denyes.

The liues, quoth ſhe, of all the bloomes
 yet budding greene, theſe youths, I craue :
O! let them not haue timeleſſe tombes,
 for Nature longer limit gaue.

In ſaying ſo the pearly teares
    fell trickling from her princely eies ;
Whereat his gentle Queene he cheares,
    and ſays, Stand vp ! ſweete Lady, riſe.

The liues of them I freelie giue,
    no man this kindneſſe ſhall debar :
Thou haſt thy boone, and they may liue
    to ſerue me in my Bullein warre.
No ſooner was this pardon giuen,
    but peales of ioy rung through the hall,
As though it thunderd downe from heauen
    the Queenes renowne amongſt them all.

For which, kinde Queene, with ioyfull hart,
    ſhee gaue to them both thankes & praiſe ;
And ſo from them did gently part,
    and liude beloued all her dayes.
And when King Henry ſtood in neede
    of truſty ſouldiers at command,
Theſe prentices prou'de men indeede,
    and feard no force of warlike band.

For at the ſiedge of Tours in France
    they ſhewd them ſelues braue Engliſh men ;
At Bullein alſo did aduance
    S. Georges glorious Standard then.
Let Turwen, Turney, and thoſe townes
    that good King Henry nobly wonne,
Tell London prentices renownes,
    and all the deedes by them there donne.

Thus Ill May-day, and ill May games,
performde in young and tender dayes,
Can be no let to all their fames,
or ftaines of manhood any wayes :
But now it is ordained by law,
we fee, on May-day Eue at night,
To keepe vnruly youths in awe,
our Londons Watch in armour bright :

Still to preuent the like mifdeed
which once by head-ftrong young men came ;
And thats the caufe, as I doe reade,
May-day hath got fo ill a name.
So now hencefoorth we need to feare
no fuch mifhap as they did bring,
But peace and order euerie where,
and loyal harts vnto our King.

London. Printed for Thomas Goffon.



The desperate Damsells Tragedy,

OR THE FAITHLESSE YOUNG MAN.

To the tune of Dulcina.

IN the gallant month of June,
When ſweet roſes are in prime,
And each bird with ſeuerall tune
Harmoniouſly ſalutes the time,

then to delight
my appetite
I walkt into a meddow faire,
and in the shade
I spyed a maide,
Whose loue had brought her to dispaire.

Shee her hands sate sadly wringing,
Making piteous exclamation,
Vpon a false young man for bringing
Her into this great vexation.
Quoth she, false youth,
Is there no truth
In thee, of faith hast thou no share?
no, thou hast none,
tis to well knowne,
For me, poore wretch, now in despaire.

How oftentimes hast thou protested
That thou louest me well indeed?
And I performed what was requested:
Too much trust my woe doth breed.
I let thee haue
what thou didst craue,
Seduced by thy speeches faire;
and hauing had
thy will, false lad,
At last thou leau'st me in despaire.

My dearest iewell thou hast taken,
Which should stand me in great stead,

And now thou haſt me quite forſaken,
And art, like falſe Æneas, fled
from Dido true :
what can inſue
This faithles deed ? but end my care :
like her, a knife
muſt end my life,
For I, like her, am in deſpaire.

Then, ſith tis ſo, come, gentle death,
I yeeld my ſelfe vnto thy power,
Moſt willing to reſigne my breath
I am this inſtant time and howre :
let thy keene dart
ſuch force impart
That I may die, oh ! do not ſpare :
from earth I came,
and willing am
Hence to returne with grim deſpaire.

When ſhe theſe bitter words had ſpoken
From her minde ſo fraught with woe,
Her heart was in her boſome broken.
Teares aboundantly did flow
from her faire eyes ;
then to the ſkies
She did direct her hands with prayer,
and ſeem'd to moue
the pow'rs aboue
To ſcourge the cauſe of her deſpaire.

THE SECOND PART. *To the same tune.*

You Gods (quoth she) I inuocate,
That as your iudgements still are iust,
My wrongs, I pray you, vindicate.
Oh, may no mayds that young man trust!
henceforth may he
so wretched be,
That none for him at all shall care,
but that he may
for his foule play
Be brought, like me, to grim despaire.

Hauing made an end of praying,
Suddenly she drew a knife,
And I, that neere vnseene was staying,
Ran in hast to saue her life;
but ere that I
to her could cry,
That her owne life she might forbeare,
shee, Dido like,
her heart did strike:
Thus dyde the damsell in despaire.

With such force her selfe she stabbed,
Blood ranne out abundantly:
My heart within my bosome throbbed
To behold this tragedy.
Yet though she bled,
she was scarce dead,

But gaſping lay with her laſt ayre,
and vnto me
ſhee ſpake words three,
Which ſhewed the cauſe of her deſpaire.

Sir (quoth she) muſe not to ſee me
Deſperatly my ſelfe to ſlay,
For this fatall ſtroake doth free me
From diſgrace another way.
My honours dead,
my credits fledd,
Why therefore ſhould I liue in care ?
this being ſpoke,
her heart ſtrings broke :
Thus dyed the damſell in deſpaire.

When death had done his worſt vnto her,
I did wiſhtly on her looke,
And by her fauour I did know her :
Therefore I my journey tooke
vnto the towne
where ſhee was knowne,
And to her friends I did declare
what diſmall fate
had hapt of late
Vnto this damſell in deſpaire.

With brinish teares her friends lamented
To heare of her timeleſſe end,
And euery one in griefe conſented,
And with me along did wend

vnto the place
where lay that face
That late aliue was fresh and faire,
now wanne and pale,
caufe life did faile :
Her life fhe ended in defpaire.

When this was told to her falfe louer,
He was of his wits beftraught,
And wildly ran the country ouer ;
Home hee'd by no meanes be brought.
Let this tale then
warne all young men
Vnconftancy ftill to forbeare,
for he betraide
this harmeleffe mayde
Vnto her death through grim defpaire.

FINIS. *M. P.*

London. Printed for H. G.
1627.



Mans Creation, Adams Fall, and Christs Redemption.

In this Table is ſet forth three principall things:
Firſt, mans Creation: ſecondly, Adams Fall:
and, laſtly, the happy reſtoring againe
of all the faithfull by Chriſt to the
vnchangeable loue of God.

A Table fit for all Chriſtians to know.

---o---

ALMIGHTIE God made by his Word
All creatures that the earth afford:
The dark and light was then divided,
And thus by God it was decided.
The light by him was called Day,
The darkneſſe Night, and ſo they ſtay.

2.

And God ſaw all, and it was good,
From man to beaſt and fruitfull bud:
But Enuie then did Eue beguile,
And Eue brought Adam to exile
By eating that which was fore-told,
That they with it ſhould not be bold.

3.

Soone after this God did appeare,
Then Eue and Adam did him feare;
And as He walk'd in coole of day
Thoſe ſinners hid themſelues away;
But God did call them here below,
To tell him how they came to know.

4.

Thus then begins the Man to ſay,
She whom thou gau'ſt did I obay;
And Eue likewiſe excus'de the fact,
Imputing it to Serpents act.
And thus doe moſt, in Adams line,
Shame not to ſay, *The fault's not mine.*

5.

But let all thoſe thinke thus withall;
That God is free from Adams fall,
Elſe how could he in truth proceede
Againſt our Parents, as we reade?
He hates iniuſtice here below,
And this his righteouſneſſe doth show.

6.

Now, when our Parents tale was done,
Then iuftly God proceedes vpon :
The Serpent firft he curft in place,
And made Eue fubiect with difgrace ;
And man in forrow labour muft
All dayes of life, then turne to duft.

7.

And Death likewife the time shall rue,
For Chrift alone shall it fubdue :
This truth is knowne to Satans woe,
Since Chrift hath broke his head alfo ;
For God did promife make to fend
A godly feede, all ftrife to end.

8.

This Seede is Chrift, free from all finne :
What Adam loft, that Hee did winne
By keeping that without all blame,
Which neuer man could doe the fame ;
And in our ftead he paid our debt,
To fet vs free from Satans net.

9.

God will not now, nor e'er hereafter,
Condemne vs for our finnes by nature ;
For how can that with iuftice ftand,
When God fhall twice one debt demand ?
Therefore, it now remaines with vs
That we beleeue Chrift hath done thus.

10

And thus beleeuing faithfully,
Chrifts righteoufneffe we muft apply;
For when we haue done all we may,
On his obedience muft wee ftay,
And thofe whofe faith is found and true
Doe practife ftill Gods lawes to doe.

11.

Of fuch as thefe doth God with fpeede
Accept their will as for their deede,
And though they finne, for fo doe all,
Yet finally they fhall not fall;
For by beleife in Chrift aboue
None can remoue thefe from his loue.

12.

O! loue vs then of thy free grace,
Whereby in heauen we may haue place,
To praife thee ftill for thy free loue,
And loue thy praife for e'er aboue.
And now, good Lord, we craue no more,
But loue vs for thy loue therefore.

FINIS. *I. D.*

Printed at London for Thomas Ellis, at the figne of the
Chriftopher in Pauls Church yard. 1629.



The Honor of the Inns of Court Gentlemen,

Or a briefe recitall of the Magnificent and Matchlesse Show, that passed from Hatton and Ely house in Holborne to Whitehall, on Monday night being the third of February, and the next day after Candlemas.

To the tune of our noble King in his Progresse.

———o———

MY noble Muſe, aſſiſt mee,
that I may with credit
vndergoe the taſke.
A humor hath poſſeſt mee
To write a new ditty
of the triumphant Maſke,
Which lately was performed
in high magnifique ſort,
To the honor of thoſe gentry
that liue at the Inns of Court.

Theſe noble minded gallants,
to ſhew their true loue
to our Royall King and Queene,
Did largely ſpend their talents
To make a faire ſhew,
that the like was neuer ſeene.
To ſet downe all exactly
my ſkil comes far too ſhort,
To the honor of thoſe gentry
that liue at the Inns of Court.

The next day after Candlemas,
betwixt the houres
of ſeuen and nine at night,
This ſtately company did paſſe
From Hatton-houſe in Holborne
vnto White-hall in ſight:
Of ſuch a peereleſſe obiect
no age can make report,

To the honour of thoſe gentry
  that liue at the Inns of Court.

A various crew of anticks all,
  which ſeuerall humors
  in ſhape did repreſent,
The number of them was not ſmall,
Which to the ſpectators
  gaue wonderful content:
Each one in his due poſture
  did ſhew exceeding ſport,
To the honor of thoſe gentry
  that liue at the Inns of Court.

A hundred ſweet yong gentlemen,
  that all vpon great horſes
  were mounted gallantly,
Clad in white cloath of tiſſue then,
And red and white feathers,
  moſt glorious to the eye;
In equipage moſt ſumptuous
  they paſt in ſolemne ſort:
Theſe were the braue young gentry
  that liue at the Inns of Court.

By two and two, and foure by foure,
  they ſlowly did ride
  on their proud and haughty ſteeds:
Search all the lands in Europe ore,
No men, both in perſon
  and face theſe men exceeds.

Their time was long in paffing,
    yet people thought 'twas fhort,
So much they prays'd the gentry
    that liue at the Inns of Court.

The drums and trumpets loudly
    did found before
    this heroick company :
The horfes danced as proudly,
As fenfible
    of this high folemnity.
Their fortune did attend them
    in braue and folemne fort,
To the honour of thofe gentry
    that liue at the Inns of Court.

The Second Part. *To the fame tune.*

But that which admiration
    exacts from all men
    which faw or heard of it
Was the charets
Which in fafhion
    for mighty princes and conquerors moft fit :
The glory of this action
    exceedeth all report,
To the honour of thofe gentry
    that liue at the Innes of Court.

And fixe there were in number :
    in thofe the mafkers

themſelues did ſit in ſtate,
Which made the people wonder,
And rauiſhed the ſenſes
of all that there did waite.
The oldeſt man aliue
cannot the like report,
To the honour of thoſe gentry
that liue at the Innes of Court.

Two charets had foure horſes each,
that went by two and two:
the reſt did goe by foure a breaſt,
In order without any breach:
A thing which of all things
becomes a triumph beſt;
No one did breake aray,
but went in ſober ſort,
To the honour of thoſe gentry
that liue at the Innes of Court.

Our gracious King, with his deare Queene,
did ſit to behold
this ſo beautiful ſhow:
It ioy'd their hearts when they had ſeene
The true and loyal loue
that their ſubiects to them owe.
Vnto their long liu'd credit
they ſhewd their princely ſport,
To the honour of thoſe gentry
that liue at the Innes of Court.

Many thoufand pounds of gold, tis thought,
hath not the charge
of this matchleffe mafke defrayd ;
Yet let no critick deeme that naught
Which hath on a fudden
employ'd fo many a trade.
Young people may hereafter
vnto their young report
The honour of thofe gentry
that liue at the Innes of Court.

No prince throughout al Chriftendom
can like to our King
of fo ftrange a triumph boaft :
Thofe ftrangers that doe hither come
Wil fpread our Ilands glory
abroad in many a coaft ;
For al their quaint deuifes
to this muft come farre fhort,
To the honour of thofe gentry
that liue at the Innes of Court.

FINIS.

M. P.

London. Printed for Thomas Lambert.



An Excellent Medley

Which you may admire at (without offence)
For euery line ſpeaks a contrary ſenſe.

The tune is Tarleton's Medley.

IN ſummer time when folks make hay,
All is not true that people ſay;
The fool's the wiſeſt in the play,
tuſh! take away your hand.

The fidlers boy hath broke his bafe,
Sirs, is not this a pitious cafe ?
Moft gallants loath to fmell the mace
of Wood-ftreet.

The City follows courtly pride ;
Jone fwears fhe cannot John abide,
Dick wears a dagger by his fide :
come, tell us what's to pay.
The lawyers thriue by others fall,
The weakeft always goes to the wall,
The fhoo-maker commandeth all
at's pleafure.

The weauer prays for hufwiues ftore,
A pretty woman was Jane Shore,
Kick the bafe rafcal out o' the door,
peace, peace, you brawling curs!
A cuckolds band wears out behind,
Tis eafie to beguile the blind,
All people are not of one mind,
hold, carman !

Our women cut their hair like men,
The cock's ore-mafter'd by the hen ;
Theres hardly one good friend in ten :
turn there on the right hand.
But few regard the cries o' th' poor,
Will fpendeth all [and fomething more]
The fouldier longeth to go o're,
braue knocking !

What ſhall we do in theſe ſad days?
Will not the wicked mend their waies?
Some loſe their liues in drunken frays;
the pudding burns to th' pot.
The cooper ſays the tubs [hold griſt,]
The cobler preaches what he liſt,
Their knauery now is manifeſt;
hold, halter!

When the fifth Harry ſail'd to France:
Let me alone for a country dance,
Nell will bewail her luckleſs chance,
fie on falſe-hearted men!
Dick Tarleton was a merry wag:
Hark how that prating aſs doth brag,
John Dory ſold his ambling nag
for kick-ſhaws.

The ſaylor counts the ſhip his houſe,
I'le ſay no more but Dun's the mouſe,
He is no man that ſcorns a louſe;
vain pride vndoes the land.
Hard-hearted men make corn ſo dear,
Few Frenchmen loue well Engliſh bear;
I hope e're long good news to hear,
hey luſtick!

Now hides are cheap the tanner thriues:
Hang thoſe baſe knaues that beat their wiues,
He needs muſt go that the Deuil driues,
God bleſs us from a gun!

The beadles make the lame to run,
Vaunt not before the battel's won,
A cloud ſometimes may hide the ſun :
chance medley.

The ſurgeon thriues by fencing ſchools,
Some for ſtrong liquor pawn their tools,
For one wiſe man there's twenty fools :
oh ! when ſhall we be married ?
In time of youth when I was wild,
Who toucheth pitch ſhall be defil'd,
Mol is afraid she is with child :
peace, Peter !

The poor ſtill hope for better days,
I do not loue theſe long delays ;
All loue and charity decaies,
in the daies of old.
Im very loath to pawn my cloak,
Meer pouerty doth me prouoke ;
They ſay a ſcald head is ſoon broke,
poor trading !

Hark, mother, hark, there's news in town.
What tell you me of half a crown ?
Now the Exciſe is going down,
thou prateſt like an aſs.
I ſcorn the coyn, giue me the man :

Pray pledge the health, ſir ; I began :
I loue King Charles, ſay what you can,
God ſaue him !

The Dutchmen thriue by ſea and land,
Women are ſhips and muſt be man'd,
Lets brauely to our colours ſtand,
Courage, my hearts of gold !
I read in modern hiſtories
The King of Sweden's victories :
At Iſlington there's pudding pies,
hot cuſtards.

The tapſter is vndone by chalk.
Tush ! tis in vain to prate and talk,
The parrot prattles ; walk, knaues, walk.
Duke Humfrey lies in Pauls.
The ſouldier hath but ſmall regard,
There's weekly news in Pauls Church Yard :
The poor man crys the world goes hard,
cold winter !

Heigh for New England, hoyſe vp ſail !
The truth is ſtrong and will preuail,
Fill me a cup of nappy ale,
hang care ! the kings a comming.
This egg hath long a hatching been :
When you haue done, then wee'l begin,
Oh, what an age do we liue in !
hang pinching.

From Long-lane cloath and Turn-ftile boots,
O, fie vpon thefe fcabbed coots!
The cheapeft meat is reddish roots,
        come all for a penny.
Light my tobacco quickly here.
There lies a pretty woman near:
This boy will come to naught, I fear,
        proud coxcombe!

The world is full of odious fins,
'Tis ten to one but this horfe wins:
Fools fet ftools to break wife mens shins;
        this man's more knaue then fool.
Jane oft in priuate meets with Tom.
Husband, thouart kindly welcome home,
Haft any money? lend me fome,
        I'me broken.

In antient times all things were cheap,
'Tis good to look before you leap,
When corn is ripe 'tis time to reap:
        once walking by the way.
A jealous man the cuckow loaths,
The gallant compliments with oaths,
A wench will make you fell your cloaths;
        run, broker.

The courtier and the country man;
Let's liue as honeft as we can:

When Arthur firſt in court began,
his men wore hanging ſleeues.
In May when graſs and flowers are green,
The ſtrangeſt ſight that ere was ſeen.
God ſend our gracious King and Queen
to London!

FINIS. *M. P.*

Printed at London for H. G.



NOTES.

PAGE 1. Two propernue Ballettes. Neither date nor printer's name are appended to the broadſide containing theſe two firſt Ballads; but the typography is obviouſly early, and they may be assigned to some year between 1530 and 1540—older, we apprehend, than the most ancient printed ballad the date of which has been aſcertained.

P. 6. Hugh Syngelton, the printer of this broadſide, was carrying on his trade about the year 1550; his firſt known work bears date 1553. Our ſpecimen once formed the fly-leaf of a book, and part of the text is deſtroyed.

P. 8. This ballad was communicated to the editor by the late Dr. Maitland, at the time he was librarian to the Archbiſhop of Canterbury. Under the imprint is placed the figure of Robert Copeland, as it appears on the title-pages of ſome of the other productions of his preſs. Dr. Maitland, at the ſame time, ſtated to the editor that there exiſted, in one of the Lambeth MSS., another copy with ſome variations: although it reſembles the ſtyle of Skelton's "Now a dayes," (Works, i, p. 148), it has no name, nor initials, either to the printed or to the written copy.

P. 16. Reſpecting John Pit, or Pitts, ſee "Bibliographical Account," etc. ii, 172.

P. 21. Throgmorton was hanged, not beheaded as might be ſuppoſed from the wood-cut. The ſame wood-cut was uſed in 1641 on the title-page to a proſe narrative of the death of Strafford, and for other ſimilar productions, in proſe and verſe: at the earlieſt date, at which we have met with it, it had been much battered.

P. 28. We have no means of affigning to their real owner the initials W. M. at the end of this broadfide, but the fame letters follow fome commendatory lines prefixed to F. Twyne's "News from the North", 1579 and 1582. There were two editions of this ballad in the fame year, differing only verbally, though fome of the changes are curious. One edition, probably the firft, was reprinted in "Roxburghe Ballads", 1847, and the other is here given.

P. 29. The initials at the end of this elegiac poem are thofe of Richard Mulcafter; and he may have compofed what is by no means a difcreditable piece of verfification.

P. 31. The late Mr. Lemon, of the State Paper Office, gave the editor a copy of this droll and not ill-written ballad. It feems that the Society of Antiquaries has a proof of it, which contains a ftanza more than the examplar we have employed. The editor has alfo an old MS. of it, differing materially from both. It has no date, and the wood-cuts, both at the beginning and end, are not fo old as the typography: yet the knight on horfeback has the Tudor rofe very obvioufly embroidered on the houfings of his fteed. We have feen it prefixed to old ballads of "Patient Griffell," published as late as 1640 or 1650.

P. 36. The place given to this head, on the broadfide to which it belongs, feems to fhew that it was intended for a likenefs of Young Babbington, who was fo dangeroufly energetic in the aid he attempted to give to the Queen of Scots: if fo, it is, we apprehend, the only exifting reprefentation of his features. It was not given in 1840, when this ballad was firft reprinted.

P. 41. The initials T. D. shew that this broadfide was by Thomas Deloney, "the ballading silk-weaver", who generally availed himfelf of public executions in order to

profit by the occafion. We may notice here, that the regifters of St. Giles Cripplegate fhew that he refided in that parifh, where his fon Richard was chriftened on 16th October, 1586, the year of our ballad, and about a month after the execution therein commemorated.

P. 42. From Thomas Nafh, we learn that Philip Stubbes, the author of this ballad (taken by Wright from an undated tract), was one of "the common pamphleters of London"; and, apparently by way of derifion, Nafh couples him with Deloney and Armin. Unqueftionably, the verfification of the piece before us has very humble pretenfions to be called poetry: it is fubfcribed P. S. in the broadfide, and not at length as in the tract, which contains another ballad by Stubbes.

P. 48. The moft remarkable circumftance about this ballad is that it is in part founded upon the main incident in Shakefpeare's "Merchant of Venice"; while "Cymbeline" (unlefs the ballad be older, which hardly feems probable) is laid under contribution for another important circumftance. The conclufion, as regards the Green Knight, was probably derived from romance: Green Knights are mentioned both by Gascoigne and Warner. The original B. L., without printer's name, formerly paffed through the hands of Thorpe, the bookfeller; and the editor has a much corrupted copy of it, "Printed and fold in Aldermary Church-yard, Bow Lane, London," n. d.

P. 57. The two heads feem intended for likeneffes of the man (a difguifed Jefuit) who efcaped from Bridewell, and of the woman who affifted him; they are in a feparate frame, as if to diftinguifh them, efpecially, from the other twelve culprits. There is no name and no initials at the end of the ballad.

P. 63. Mr. Page of Plymouth was murdered by his wife, her paramour, and their accomplices, in February 1591, and they were executed at Barnftaple very foon afterwards; about which date this and the two ensuing ballads muft have been printed. The whole ftory may be read in Vol. II of the "Shakefpeare Society's Papers", p. 79; and the remembrance of it continued fo fresh in 1599, that Ben Jonfon and Dekker were then employed upon a tragedy containing the incidents. See Henslowe's Diary, p. 155, etc.

P. 73. "The Weaver's Song" was probably firft printed in Deloney's "Jack of Newbury", of which the earlieft notice feems to have been in 1595. From "Jack of Newbury" it was tranfplanted into a broadfide, no doubt on account of its popularity.

P. 76. Henry Harper, whofe name is found at the end of this broadfide, was a publifher of ballads and chapbooks as late as 1640 or 1650; but this animated hiftorical effufion muft have been very current before 1600, becaufe it is quoted in Heywood's play of "The firft part of Edward IV", of that date, Act II, fc. 2.

P. 79. There is a copy of this ballad in the British Mufeum, but of an edition different from the prefent, and with different ornamentation: we fufpect that R. I. [Richard Jones], whofe initials, as printer, are at the end of the copy we have ufed, pirated it with fome variations from Edward White's firft edition, which has T. D. at the termination, as the initials of Deloney, the author. R. I. did not venture to repeat T. D., and indeed did not avow his own name at length in connexion with the broadfide, which he headed by a fhip-of-war in full fail. The copy in the B. M. has no fhip of war above the title.

P. 87. The letters T. B. at the end of this moral and

religious broadfide are thofe of Thomas Beard, author of the "Theatre of God's Judgments", 4to., 1597. We had a MS. copy of the performance in our hands for many years, not knowing from whence it was derived, until we met with it a fhort time ago in the firft edition of Beard's work.

P. 91. By Deloney; originally publifhed as a broadfide, and afterwards included in a volume called "Strange Hif-tories" in 1607. The differences between the two copies are not of much importance, excepting that the concluding ftanza, one of the beft, was omitted in 1607. Simcocke, no doubt, reprinted from an earlier copy, which had the whole ballad as it came from the pen of its author.

P. 96. Also in "Strange Hiftories", 1607, but without the concluding quatrain, fo that it is there imperfect, the laft ftanza having only four inftead of eight lines. No doubt, when the broadfide firft came out, Queen Elizabeth was reigning, and was celebrated at the clofe: this portion was omitted in 1607, becaufe King James was then on the throne; but when Goffon reprinted the ballad, about 1630 or 1640, he made the conclufion complimentary to Charles I. No copy is known which contains the original tribute to Elizabeth, and which muft have appeared about 1597 or 1598.

P. 102. The initials at the end prove that this production was by Martin Parker, and the date shews that it must have been his earlieft effort. It has nowhere been affigned to him, or even noticed, that we are aware of.

P. 108. By John Davies of Hereford, as we gather from his initials at the clofe. His earlieft effusion was a fonnet to W. Parry, printed on the last page of his account (4to., 1600) of the voyage of the Shirleys: Parry's tract is fo

rare, in confequence of the order againft it at Stationers' Hall (fee Pref. p. xii), that it has not been recorded by fome modern bibliographers: it was reprinted by the prefent editor a few years fince. The fonnet by Davies occupies the laft leaf.

P. 112. The proceffion which this ballad celebrates was for Shirley's Masque "The Triumph of Peace," performed at Whitehall on 3rd February, 1633. The ballad was one of Martin Parker's temporary effufions; and it was unknown to the Rev. Mr. Dyce when he completed Gifford's edition of Shirley's Works: it has not been included in any lift of M. P.'s publications.

P. 118. We have never met with a fpecimen of a "Medley" in any ancient or modern collection of ballads; yet, from the time of Tarleton downwards, they were extremely popular, and the tune to which "Tarleton's Medley" (now loft) was fung was generally, as here, adopted by his imitators. One of the moft succefsful was by the writer of this ballad, which contains the prominent lines of many popular performances, not a few of which will inftantly occur to memory; fuch as "In fummer time", "A pretty woman was Jane Shore," "Dick Tarleton was a merry wag," "When our fifth Harry fail'd for France," "John Dory fold his ambling nag," "When Arthur firft in court began," etc., etc. The fac-fimile of a ftreet-mufician at the head of this reprint, gives an exact and contemporaneous reprefentation of the cumbrous "Lincolnfhire bagpipe", the "melancholy drone" of which is celebrated by Shakefpeare, Henry IV, Part I, Act 1, fc. 2.

FINIS.

TWENTY-FIVE

Old Ballads and Songs:

from manuscripts

IN THE POSSESSION OF

J. PAYNE COLLIER,

Octogen.

———o———

A Birthday Gift.

LONDON.
PRINTED FOR PRESENTS ONLY.
11 *JAN.* 1869.

THE following pages contain specimens of Old Ballads and Songs, existing, as far as I am aware, only in manuscript: they have been taken, rather than selected, from a collection of productions of a similar kind, belonging to about the same period (the reigns of Elizabeth and James I), but certainly above the average merit. They cleverly illustrate the manners of different classes of society; and a few of them, as poetry, are much superior to the ordinary run of such performances. Some of them may be original; but it seems probable that they were formerly all in print, and were transcribed by an early possessor from broadsides, now for ever lost, or yet to be recovered: the titles of a few are recorded in the Registers of the Company of Stationers; and the tunes to which several must have been sung may be found in Chappell's admirable and elaborate work, "Popular Music of the Olden Time". I have had only a very limited number printed for the gratification and amusement of private friends.

J. P. C.

Maidenhead, 11 *Jan.* 1869.

OLD MANUSCRIPT BALLADS AND SONGS.

The Wise Mans Warning.

IN youth, when yeeres were greene
And luſt withouten rule,
I was, as manie others beene,
A ſeely doating foole.

I never then could paſſe
A damoſel in the ſtreete,
But I did gaze upon the laſſe,
And thought no thing ſo ſweete.

Where ſo that I might bee
It was with me the ſame :
I could, in truth, no woman ſee
But fancie was in flame.

Full twentie I could tell
For whom I would have dyed,
And thought I had deſerved hell
To have the ſame denyed.

I held a womans ſight
The ſweeteſt thing on earth,
And deemd them made for mans delight ;
Without them nothing worth.

But when to manhoods prime
    I came, and ſober moode,
I then was wont to take my time,
    Nor thinke that haſte was good.

I looked on eache dame,
    With a more ſteadie eye,
And did not burſt at once in flame,
    In fancie for to frye.

I then could ſee that ſome
    Were fairer then the reſt,
And I had time to coole my fume,
    And but to looke the beſt.

As middle age came on,
    To pleaſe I was more hard,
And thought that manie now were gone,
    I once had ſo prefard.

I held the female ſexe
    Not halfe ſo charming now,
And marvelled how they did perplexe
    My early manhoods brow.

I lookt on this and that
    With an experienc'd eye:
She was to ſpare, and ſhe to fat,
    And lackt all ſymmetry.

This one was farre to high,
    And that as much to lowe :

I could not bring my felfe to figh,
Still leffe to waile in woe.

I caft mine eies about,
And fawe how manie friendes
Had made bad bargaines, out of doubt,
And now had no amendes.

I fhooke my owne right hand,
And thank'd my owne true hart,
That I had power to withftand
A womans eies and art.

I yet did thinke fome faire,
Twas here and there but one ;
But beautie was a gift moft rare,
And vertuous few, or none.

Now that my haires are white,
And feeble is my gaite,
Still more I fee that I was right
To fhun the married ftate.

If I had wed a wife
Of temper crabb'd and rough,
She would be burden of my life,
Now burthened enough.

Our youthhood wives fhould fhun,
Our manhood ftill fhould doubt,
And age I feele it wanteth none,
Nay, better farre without.

Women were made for ſhowe,
  And for no uſe at all:
Like flowers they are borne to blowe,
  And having blowne to fall.

This is my lateſt ſong,
  Who now am neare four ſcore,
And if I could but laſt as long,
  Would be for eighty more.

A Jest of Scoggin.

Scoggin a ſtreete did paſſe along
  Neare to a Convent, juſt at day,
Singing, as was his wont, ſome ſong,
  Or merriment to wile the way:

For all the night he had carowſd,
  As alſo was his wont, I weene,
When's waking ſences were uprowſd
  By a lay brother, that was ſeene

Making his way unto the gate,
  With cloath enough upon his ſhoulder
For the whole brotherhood, whoſe ſtate
  Needed new veſtments ere twas older.

"Whither ſo late?" our Scoggin cried,
  "And whither with thy fardell there?"—
"Whither ſo early?" he replied;
  "But times are nought to thee, I ſweare."

"Sweare not, good friend," ſaid Scoggin then:
    For what doſt thou that cloth pretend?
Canſt thou not ſpare for other men,
    And moſt for me, thy truſty friend?"

Saying theſe words, he made a ſnatch
    At the lay brother's burthen gray,
And as much cloth as he could catch,
    Without more words, he tore away.

For helpe the other lowde did call,
    But at that howre was no one neare;
And Scoggin was a man to[o] tall
    For the poore brother not to feare.

Therefore, he held it far more wiſe
    To make the ſpeedieſt of his way;
But told the other, for his prize
    He ſhould pay deare at judgement day.

Ho! ho! quod Scoggin, here's a jeſt!
    So long a day wilt thou allowe?
If ſoe it be, Ile have the reſt
    At the ſame rate, I make a vowe.

Then ſeiſing the poore brother's loade,
    He tooke it on his owne broad backe,
And left the other in the roade,
    To enter in, without his packe.

Truth hath a quiet Breast.

WHATERE my Fortune doe with me,
She can not me moleſt,
For when in priſon, as when free,
Truth hath a quiet breſt.

I travaild have through manie landes,
Yet England like the beſt;
And though I here doe lye in bandes,
Truth hath a quiet breſt.

That which I did, I did for right,
The wrong I doe deteſt,
And though downe borne by tyrant might,
Truth hath a quiet breſt.

By land and ſea I often fought
With honour to my creſt:
My countries weale I ever ſought;
Truth hath a quiet breſt.

I coulde not flatter, ſoothe or fawne,
Or cringe among the reſt,
And here I lye; but though forlorne,
Truth hath a quiet breſt.

I heede not what my ſlaunderers ſay,
But treate it as a jeſt,
And everie dogg muſt have his day:
Truth hath a quiet breſt.

I ſtaye the iſſue of my fate,
　　What ever its beheſt,
Nor ſeeke to lengthen out my date:
　　Truth hath a quiet breſt.

I ſhake not at the threat of Death;
　　I met him Eaſt and Weſt:
Come when he will, my ſpirit ſayth,
　　Truth hath a quiet breſt.

Tis he can free me, if none els,
　　His powre is ſtill confeſt;
And me my honeſt conſcience tells
　　Truth hath a quiet breſt.

Upon my Saviour I relye,
　　In him ſet up my reſt:
Kinges I obay, yet kinges defye;
　　Truth hath a quiet breſt.

The Cittie Maide and Countrey Maide.

M. FAITH, Cicely Cowſlip, how do you,
　　and how long come to towne?
How doth my aunt, your mother, doe?
　　Come, prythee, ſit thee downe.
Thou ſeeſt that I am heer in place,
And well doth me my miſtres grace.

C. Marget, ich came to towne but now,
　　not paſt two howres, I weene;

And yet to thee I make a vowe,
  ich would it neere had beene :
Ich am full wearie of the towne,
And faine wolde I to countrey downe.

M. Wearie allreadie, Cicely? why
  thou nought has feene; tis ftrange.
Two howres, no more? but by and by,
  that note full fure thoult change.
London is not feene in two howers,
Its churches, palaces, and towers.

C. Well, Marget, ich fee nothing heere,
  as ich came through the ftreete,
But dames in fine and flaunting geere,
  and ftinking to fmell fweete
With perfume, as they call't; and then
To fee the ftaring of the men!

M. Staring, quotha! what harme, I pray,
  to looke at you againe?
If they had lookt an other waye
  Why then, you might complaine.
Tis but your country manners, Ciffe,
Where all your fafhions are amiffe.

C. Ich like our countrey fafhions beft;
  There folkes are plaine and true.
They made me blufhe, it is confeft,
  The ftreetes as ich came through :
And then the crowding and the din;
The noyfieft place ich ere was in.

M. Thou muſt not heede a little noiſe,
  if thou to London come ;
Stay but a while, and you by choice
  would never like it mum :
Abide with me a weeke or ſoe,
You neere will backe to countrey goe.

What are your clodpates to compare
  with gentlemen in towne ?
Our verie prentices, I ſweare,
  are better then your clowne.
See them on Sundays in their beſt,
You nere ſaw clownes ſo bravely dreſt.

C. Your prentices, in deede, the while !
  flat cappes are here good cheape ;
Marget, you meane to make me ſmile,
  or els in love art deepe,
To praiſe ſuch creatures as are theſe,
Your famous London prentices.

M. Then note our London gentlemen,
  in ſilkes and velvettes fine,
With all their followers, 8 or 10 ;
  and then how bright they ſhine
In garded clokes and ſilver badges,
And well this gere, I tell thee, fadges.

Thinke next upon the life we leade,
  we that are ſervaunts here ;

Better then miftreffes in deede,
  in countrey farre and neare:
We go to dances, faires, and playes,
And fpend our time a thowfand wayes.

Ah! Ciffe my girle, I never knew
  while I from London ftayde,
What twas to love, but nowe I doe,
  to own't Ime not afrayde;
I have a gamefome lover too,
Although his coate is onely blew.

C. I would ha fworne thou was in love;
  yet tis a prettie thing,
And comfortable to[o] above
  all other yearthly thing.
Marget, thourt right, I make no doubt,
And ich may hap to finde it out.

M. Come, give thy fardle unto mee,
  and onely ftay a weeke;
All London fightes you then fhall fee,
  and never wifh to feeke
The country, fitt for clownes and kine,
But not for wits like yours or mine.

Ile take thee to the Tower foone,
  and lyons in their cages,
The gyants in Guildhall at noone,
  the Lord Maior and his pages;
Ile fhew the[e] Paules and the Exchange,
And other fightes as newe and ftrange.

To Weftminfter wele take a boate,
  And fee Whitehall thats there;
To Paris garden backe, to note
  the game of dogge and beare:
Then to the Globe with hafte, to fee
A tragedie or commedie.

Come, come, you muft; I know you will;
  you fhall not anfwere nay.—
Why, thats my girle! Now eate your fill,
  your ftomacke needes fome ftay:
Abide with me and fhare my bed,
And learne the truth of all is faid.

C. Marget, thou shalt for once prevaile:
  ich came the towne to fee;
Ile not goe backe to tell my tale
  as wife as nobodie.
M. Well faid, good coz, fweete cozen mine,
And pledge me in this cupp of wine.

The praise of good Ale.

When cloudes of cares rife all unwares
    And over caft the daye,
I never frett, but ftill forgett
    Them all, as beft I maye.
      Let others fwinke,
      But as I thinke
The beft of life's good Ale to drinke.

My wife may ſcold, as ſhe growes olde,
Till death tyes up her tongue :
It is in vaine that ſhe complaine ;
Twas ſo when ſhe was yonge.
Let others ſwinke, &c.

The parſon hee may pulpit mee,
And raile in my diſgrace ;
I will not yeeld to him the field
In anie other place.
Let others ſwinke, &c,

When round I reele ſuch joy I feele,
The world a ſunſhine weares ;
Ime then a king in every thing,
But in his crowne and cares.
Let others ſwinke, &c.

I owne that fate my robes of ſtate
Hath ragged made and thin ;
My hart is light, and day and night
Tis on a merrie pin.
Let others ſwinke, &c.

I nere envy the proud and high,
But when I ſober am,
And then I know that I am low,
And curſe and ſweare at them.
Let others ſwinke, &c.

Therefore I ſay, both night and day
To drinke that it is beſt,

That envy, hate and malice ſtraight
Come not into my breaſt.
Let others ſwinke, &c.

Tis ale's beſt guift at every ſhift
To cheriſh kindly blood ;
But for good ale we all ſhold raile
At one an others good.
Let others ſwinke, &c.

Give me the man can toſſe a can,
Ile aunſwer for his hart :
Give me the laſſe that loves a glaſſe,
From me ſhe will not ſtart.
Let others ſwinke, &c.

I am content when monie's ſpent ;
I care not for a croſſe
As long as I good ale can buye,
It is but dirt and droſſe.
Let others ſwinke, &c.

They ſay that wee when foxt can ſee
Eche thing as it were double,
And thus I doe make one joy two,
And cut in halfe my trouble.
Let others ſwinke, &c.

You muſt confeſſe, troubles are leſſe
The more we drinke ; and note,
All joyes are more, if you but powre
Good liquor downe the throte.
Let others ſwinke, &c.

I am ſure of this there is no bliſſe
In heaven, if Nectar faile;
And even in hell all would be well,
If we could get good ale.
Let others, ſwinke, &c.

The Divell takes care there is none there,
Or ſoone his reign would end:
He is afraide to loſe his trade,
If ale ſhould ſtand our frend.
Let others ſwinke, &c.

Now let us praye, traitors nere may
Againſt our Queene prevaile:
He is a traitor, there is no greater
Then he loves not good ale.
Let others ſwinke,
But as I thinke
The beſt of life's good Ale to drinke.

A Love Song.

SO much I love thee, gentle May,
Of thee, and onely thee, I thinke,
And never deeme too long the daye,
Or night, though I ſleepe not a winke.
I love thee with a love ſo pure,
It is like heaven, and muſt like heaven indure.

For what is love, but eſſence fine
Of all thinges that are pure and true?

And ſuch this endles love of mine,
    That takes its puritie from you.
Thou art the object, thou the cauſe:
Thou gavſt it life, thou givſt it alſoe lawes.

And though my love its puritie
    Derive from thee, and thee alone,
Not leſſe is thine, who give it mee,
    For all abundance is thine owne.
The ſunne, we ſee, is not leſſe bright
For that he giveth all mankinde his light.

Say what is pureſt on this earth,
    Or in the ſkyes eternall blue,
Why, that art thou; for at thy birth
    Thou waſt deſignde to be the true
And onely patterne of all good
  That man hath ſeene or [man hath] underſtood.

What now I ſaye is ſimple truth,
    For nought but truth can come from me,
Seeing thy bewtie and thy youth
    Are truth it ſelfe, and I love thee;
For how can falſhood ere proceede
From one loves thee, that art the truth in deede?

The Tinker and the Countreyman.

Tinker. I am a jolly Tinker
        as ever you did ſee;
  And, maides, in mending of one hole
        I never will make three:

I wiſh you all wolde try me;
            your kettles I can mend:
Youle ſay, you never ſaw Tinker
            that did ſo ſtand your frend.
      Come try me, prettie maide,
      The beſt of all my trade;
I am a jolly Tinker, and be you not afraide.

Countr. Cockes ſoule! we neede no Tinkers,
            nor anie of their geare.
Packe hence away, I warne ye,
            forſooth, you come not heere.
You have long hookes and powches,
            ſo hence away go trudge:
For ſuch as you we keepe
            no linnen on the hedge.
      Our maides they are gone out;
      So turne thee ſtrait about,
Or I may give thee ſumwhat ſhall put thee out of [doubt.

T. God eeld thee, maiſter Roger,
            you have ſure forgot
How I was here at Lammas,
            and mended your bigg pot.
C. Full well I do remember
            you mended it indeede,
That all the fat ran out,
            and in the fire it yeede.
      Ile truſt thee never more;
      So keepe outſide the dore,
Or you ſhall finde a place, that you have found before.

T. Gogs woundes! thou countrey clodpate,
nere be in ſuch a rage:
I am a patient Tinker
as anie, I engage;
But if thou rouſe my anger,
I tell thee, my good frend,
Ile burſt thy head, as ſoe
no Tinker can it mend.
From thee what have I ſtole?
I tell thee, on my ſoule,
I have a minde to uſe my hammer on thy nole.

C. Tinker, give me thy neuf,
albe it is ſo blacke:
I am not proude by cauſe
a coate is on my backe.
Moſte Tinkers are ſuch rogues,
if you can underſtand.
T. If ſoe we be, we alwayes are
upon the mending hand.
You countreymen nere ſee
The worlde ſo wide as wee,
Therefore I adviſe thee learne of ſuch a man as mee.

C. I marvell what it bee
that you to me can teach:
I weene I am thy better
in maners and in ſpeeche.
Then, I can hould a plough,
and thraſhe and drive a teame;
And alſoe milke a cowe.

T. And alſoe drinke the creame.
    But come to me to ſchoole,
    Ile give thee Tinkers rule
By which a man ſhall proove, he is not quite a foole.

Firſt, lend no man thy money,
        if he ſholde money lacke ;
For money lent to poore men
        full ſeldom commeth backe.
Next, thinke no man thy friend,
        for if to him you truſt,
Thou mayſt put truſt in ropes of ſand,
        and deeme they will not bruſt.
    Beleeve me, I have tride,
    And in this world ſo wide
I never yet found man, that this good rule belied.

Third, lend no man thy wife :
        ſhes like enough to lend
Her ſelfe, without conſent,
        unto thy neereſt frend.
If this ſhe doe, take heede
        thoſe that thy hornes beholde
May alſo ſee full well that they
        are [bravely] tippt with golde.
    This is a rule moſt ſure
    Thine aching head to cure,
But hornes, that are but horne, are oft hard to indure.

Fourth : looke unto thy pelfe :
        all men for thee will care,

If thou but careſt for thy ſelfe,
and haſt but coine to ſpare.
Riches breede riches ſtill;
a man that nothing hath
Shall ſure but goe with nothing
untill his day of death.
Get wealth: the more you ſpend,
The more there is no end:
This is a rule infallible as ever yet was pend.

C. Tinker, I thanke thee trulie;
and come with me in here,
For theſe thy rules ſo good
Ile give thee of our beere.
A Tinker may be wiſe
albeit poore in ſhowe:
I thought I knew as much
as moſt; but, Lord! you know
As much againe as me [I]
Thy rules I meane to trye; [you come by.
And call againe our pottes to mend the next time

To his Lady.

O PITY me, ſweete Lady mine!
Remember that it is by thee
I grow ſo pale and inly pine.
Sweete Lady mine, O pitie mee!
I never joy by day nor night,
Lady, Lady,
When I am abſent from thy ſight,
My deare Lady.

The ſunne may riſe, the ſunne may ſett,
I heede it not in daily ſhine:
I thinke on thee, nor can forgett
Thy beauty, O ſweete Lady mine!
Thou art my ſunſhine and my ſhade,
Lady, Lady,
And what I am by thee am made,
My deare Lady.

My lyfe is but a living death;
I dye and live in ſundrie howers:
By thee I live, thou art my breath
That through my noſthrills feede my powers.
Without thee I muſt fall and dye,
Lady, Lady;
Then, pitie me nor lett me lye,
My deare Lady.

What ſhall I ſaye, what can I doe
To moove thee to compaſſion?
Is there a hart more loving true
Then mine for thee to fixe upon?
One moments favor grant this day,
Lady, Lady,
And all my life ſhall it repay,
My deare Lady.

What more of me can thou demaund
Then all my life of ſervice true?
For one ſweete kiſſe of that deare hand,
With fingers long and vaines of blew,

O! lett me be thy bond ſlave ſtill,
Ladie, Ladie,
And I will ever ſerve thy will,
My deare Lady.

O! lett me live no longer than
I can doe ſervice unto thee,
And thou wilt finde none other man
More loving faithfull then Ile bee.
Then, graunt me pitie ſtill I crye,
Ladie, Ladie;
If not, for thee I can but dye,
My deare Ladie.

Ile dye for thee moſt willingly,
Will but my death thy love procure:
My ſpirit would be made thereby
Moſte happie, I am very ſure.
I love thee not for fleſhly luſt.
Lady, Lady,
And ſtill muſt love thee when but duſt,
My deare Lady.

In ſpirit pure to thee I ſue:
Thinke I am but a ſpirit now.
I am but dead, I tell the[e] true,
If thou my love will not allowe.
Judge of me then as I were dead,
Lady, Lady,
And ore my grave ſome teare drops ſhed,
My deare Ladie!

Womens Tongues.

WHEN rivers turne and run up hill,
And frighten every water mill,
When no man knowes a tavern bill,
And without ſhot their bellies fill,
A Womans tongue may chance lye ſtill;
But not till then,
As ſaye all men.

When cobwebs are as cables ſtrong,
And ropes of ſand will hold as long;
When great men ceaſe to offer wrong,
And weake men ſuffer not from ſtrong,
A Woman then may holde her tong;
But not till then,
As ſay all men.

When gameſters ceaſe to dyce and card,
And dames hate meaſure by the yard;
When priſon gates are all unbarrd,
And merit meetes its juſt reward,
Women wilbe more ſeene then hard;
But not till then,
As ſay all men.

When ſtars ſhyne out in brighteſt day,
The ſun from welkin fled away,
Likewiſe the chaſte moone gon aſtray,
And all the world in laſt decaye,
A Womans tongue may have ſome ſtay;
But not till then, &c.

When dogs ſhall leave to bite and barke,
When pigs ſing hunts up with the larke,
When prieſt is leane and fat the clarke,
And maidens do not love the darke,
Women may ſomtime chance to marke;
But not till then,
As ſay all men.

When eight dayes are in every weeke;
When chuffes and pyes can conſter Greeke,
When Welſhmen do not love a leeke,
And maidenheads are not to ſeeke,
Women may let their husbands ſpeake;
But not till then,
As ſaye all men.

When kitchen drabs have faces cleane,
When trees are red that now are greene;
When widowes truely weepe for teene,
And men know not what widowes meane,
A ſilent Woman ſhalbe queene;
But not till then,
As ſaye all men.

When a new Jaſon wins the fleece,
And brings a Helen chaſte from Greece;
When poore mens ſorowes not increaſe,
And a juſt landlord letts a leaſe,
Women may chance to holde their peace;
But not till then,
As ſay all men.

When millers do not ſteale the griſt,
And take heede not to have it miſt;
When Tarltons at the Curtaine hiſt,
And uſurers have open fiſt,
Then thinke a Woman may be whiſt;
But not till then,
So ſay all men.

When ballad makers do not write,
Nor ballad ſingers give delight;
When courtiers keepe not out of ſight,
Becauſe the Sergeants them afright,
A Woman may be ſtill at night;
But not till then,
As ſaye all men.

When ſeas are dride up all and ſome,
And ſhips on land doe ſailing come;
When froſt not makes the fingers num,
And old mens eyes diſtill no gum,
Then may you finde a Woman dum;
But not till then,
As ſay all men.

When cannon balls are wholſom dyet,
And do no deedes for maides to ſigh at;
When prentices will breede no riot,
And ceaſe at Shrovetide cockes to ſhy at,
Then may a Woman once be quiet;
But not till then,
As ſay all men.

When wife of Citizen no ſute
Can move to make a man a brute,
When roiſters will denie to doot,
And waiſtcoteers are in repute,
Why then a Woman may be mute.
But not till then;
So ſaye *Amen!*

Give Place, you Ladies.

GIVE place, you ladyes all,
unto my miſtreſſe faire,
For none of you, or great or ſmall,
can with my love compare.

If you wold knowe her well,
you ſhall her now beholde,
If any tonge at all may tell
her beautie[s] manyfolde.

She is not high, ne lowe,
but juſt the perfect hight;
Below my head, above my hart,
and then a wand more ſtraight.

She is not full, ne ſpare,
but juſt as ſhe ſholde bee,
An armfull for a god, I ſweare;
and more, ſhe loveth mee.

Her ſhape hath no defect,
  or none that I can finde,
Such as, in deede, you might expect
  from ſo well formde a minde.

Her ſkin not blacke, ne white,
  but of a lovely hew,
As if created for delight;
  yet is ſhee mortall too.

Her haire is not to darke,
  no, nor I weene to light:
It is what it ſholde be; and marke,
  it pleaſeth me outright.

Her eies nor greene nor gray,
  nor like the heavens above;
And more of them what needes I ſay,
  but that they looke and love?

Her foote not ſhort ne longe;
  and what may more ſurpriſe,
Though ſome, perchaunce, may thinke me wrong,
  'tis juſt the fitting ſize.

Her hande, yea, then her hande,
  with fingers large or fine,
It is enough you underſtande
  I like it, and 'tis mine!

In briefe, I am content
  to take her as ſhe is,

And holde that ſhe by heaven was ſent
to make compleate my bliſſe.

Then, ladies, all give place
unto my miſtreſſe faire,
For now you knowe ſoe well her grace,
You needes muſt all diſpaire.

Agaynst Idelnes.

THOUGH idlenes in ſome of us
May ſeeme to be a thyng but ſlight,
But if that ſome the ſame diſcus
The totall ſum doth ſhow us ſtraight
This idlenes to wey ſuch weyght,
That it no tongue can well expreſſe
The harme that growth by idlenes.

As ſome one vertue may, by grace,
Cover of vyces many a one,
Soe may one vyce, once taking place,
Diſtroye all vertues everichone:
Where this vyce is all vertue's gone;
For noe kinde of good buſines
Keepes companie with idlenes.

An ill winde bloweth no man good,
And idlenes that winde is hee:
The wicked luſtes bred of her broode
Can no way breede good propertie.

Wherefore I ſay, as nowe we ſee,
No harte can thinke, or tong expres
The harme that growth by idlenes.

To clenſe the corne as men, at neede,
Weede out all weedes and cockle chiefe,
Let diligence plucke out eche weede
And give us all from vyce reliefe.
Thus ſhall we ſhunne full manie a greefe,
And diligent in our buſines
Weede out unfruictfull idlenes.

To Sea! To Sea!

BRAVE minded boyes, whoſe lands are high wayes,
And whoſe rentes with your ſwords you gather,
If youle take paines, and venture for gaines,
Seeke your fortunes upon the water.
Gallants by byrth, let not the baſe earth
No longer keepe you thence,
Where flowes the gould that the Indians hould
For true valours recompence.

Your downy pillowes, love-toyes and willowes,
To the nymphs of the land bequeath;
Your dauncing meaſures and all ſuch pleaſures
To the boyes of the cuntrey leave.
The billowes wee will furrow, to ſee
Straunge faſhions every howre,

And ſwell the floud with high thoughts and with blood,
    That Neptune ſhall feare our powre.

My botes and ores Ile leave on the ſhoares
    To attend for a penny a mile;
Where each penny gott at home in a boate
    Doth not like the ſeas yeelde ſpoyle.
Sound up the drum! hoyſe ſaile, gallants come!
    Let currage topp your maſt:
Though Eolus rayle, and the tempeſts aſſaile,
    Wele be joviall when ſtormes are paſt.

What ſhould we begg, at each word a legge,
    Whence daungers alike enſue,
As elſewhere a chance may our honours advance
    By ſome Canniball, Turke or Jue?
A goulden ſhowre may fall in an howre,
    Where all is well wonne thats gott:
Life fades in a trice by ſome wilie device,
    Or by force of our ſwords, or ſhott.

Undaunted wele ſtraine in the ocean maine
    To ſee the proud pirates navie,
Whome if we meete, wele combat the fleete,
    With Stand and deliver! what have yee?
Our well rigged pinke ſhall feare them to ſhrinke,
    And yeeld their Indian ſtore:
There is no Turkiſh warde that hath gould ſhall be ſparde,
    But weele mingle the ſtreame with theire gore.

Ballad of his Mistresse.

SHEPHERDES, have you ſeene my love?
Thus I ſtrive to paint her;
But all my praiſe ſhe is above,
And my deſcription fainter:
No pen, in truth, can her diſcribe,
Thou[gh] with millions for a bribe.

She is her ſelfe ſo rich reward,
That if my humble pen
Might meete from her but one regard,
How happie were I then!
If for her ſelfe my witt doe faile,
What could millions me availe?

Like to Apelles ſtill I am,
Who would his ladie paint,
And when to him therefore ſhe came,
Thought her to be ſome ſaint,
Or viſion, and he knew not where
He ſhould begin to paint her faire.

I cannot tell where to begin,
That, ſheepheardes, you may know her:
To praiſe one part appeareth ſin,
When eache ſeemes beſt to ſhow her.
Whatere I thinke of ſeemeth beſt,
And for the moment ſhames the reſt.

Shall I begin to praiſe her height,
    On that to make election,
So neate, ſo cleane, ſo fine, ſo ſtraight,
    It is in deede perfection!
By that, then, ſhe well knowne may be:
None is perfection but ſhee.

Or ſhall [I] take her lovely hew,
    Her ſkin like ivory ſhowing,
Her colour like the morning dew
    Upon the roſe bud blowing?
By this, good ſhepherdes, you may know
My miſtres: others looke not ſoe.

Shall I deſcribe her haire, her eyes,
    Her noſe, her chin, her mouth,
Through which a gentle aire doth riſe,
    Like the balme breathing ſouth?
My miſtres you may know with eaſe,
By anie, or by all of theſe.

Her fingers they are long and fine,
    Her hand like alablaſter:
If that ſame lovely hand were mine
    It could not binde me faſter.
Her daintie feete when you have ſeene,
Youle ſay they would beſeeme a Queene.

Her raiment of the pureſt ſilke,
    As pure as ſkies at even,
Drawne ore a boſome white as milke,
    The milkie way of heaven!

But no; her breaſt you muſt not ſee,
That muſt be priviledge for mee.

You can not miſſe to knowe her well
By what I here have ſaid:
She doth all ladies els excell,
The living or the dead,
As much as poets, newe and olde,
Doe me excell ten thouſand folde.

If I had now our Sydneys quill,
Or Spencers fairie power,
Daniel or Drayton, or our Will,
For manie a daye and hower,
All thoſe combinde could never tell
How farre my miſtres doth excell.

This will I ſay, and this I meane,
To do my miſtres dutie,
There is no ladie, ſave our queene
Can rivall her in beautie.
It is the Queene, and onely ſhee,
That can my miſtres equall bee.

Madge Howlet's Song.

FULL mournfully hootes Madge Howlet
Under the ivie buſhe;
Your husbands you ſhould ſcowle at
If you ſett by them a ruſhe:

To whit, to whoo, alas for you!
When married men,
Full nine in ten,
Elſewhere maides and widowes woo.

Full mournfully hootes Madge Howlett
Under the ivie greene;
Your husbandes you ſhould ſcowle at,
The cauſe of all your teene:
To whit, to whoo, alack and alas!
When husbands wed,
And goe to bed
With other mens wives, as it ever was.

Full mournfully hootes Madge Howlett
Within the hollow tree;
Your husbandes you ſhould ſcowle at;
You are ſlaves, while they are free.
To whit, to whoo, alas the daye!
At home they frowne,
Or knock you downe,
But who ſo mery abroad as they?

Full mournfully hootes M[adge] Howlett
Under the hanging eve;
Your husbandes you ſhould ſcowle at,
If mee you doe beleeve.
To whit, to whoo, harke, wives, harke!
They keepe you at home,
Whilſt nightly they roame
To other birdes neſts, juſt after darke.

Full mournfully hootes Madge Howlett
Within the ruind tower;
Your husbandes you ſhould ſcowle at,
Both everie day and hower:
To whit, to whoo, lift to your frend:
They ſing, eate and drinke,
Whilſt you at home ſwinke,
And you muſt ſtarve that they may ſpend.

Full mournfully hootes [Madge] Howlett
Under the rotten thatch;
Your husbandes you ſhould ſcowle at,
And make your ſelves their match:
To whit, to whoo, doe as they doe:
Be tame no more,
Drinke, game, and [roare]:
Tis the only chance to make them true.

The Death of Devoreux.

LAMENT, lament, for he is dead,
Who ſervde his prince moſt faithfully:
Lament eche ſubject, and the head
Of this our realme of Brittany.
Our Queene hath loſt a ſoldier true,
Her ſubjects loſt a noble frend;
Oft for his Queene his ſword he drewe,
And for her ſubjectes bloud did ſpend.

I ſpeake of noble Eſſex, who
Bore the high title of an earle:

His name great Walter Devoreux,
The kingdomes great and precious pearle :
The brighteſt jewell of the crowne,
The nobleſt of the noble peeres,
Who livde and dyde in high renowne,
Whoſe fame ſhall laſt beyond all yeares.

His ſervices what neede I tell,
Sith they were truely knowne to all ?
His ſouldiers life beginning well,
His glorie ſpreading to his fall.
Worthy deſcendant of a race
Famous of old for worthy deedes ;
You ſawe his linage in his face,
For noblenes the noble breedes.

Wales did rejoice her at his birth,
And there a while he ſpent his youth ;
But all the land ſoone ſaw his worth,
As all the land now joynes in ruth.
A ſouldier and a courtier both,
He ſervde his Queene in everie kinde,
And conq'ring rebels of the north,
When preeſtes had made them wood and blinde.

Our Queenes rewardes on him did fall :
She made him of the Garter Knight,
And Earle of Eſſex over all ;
He ſeemde to challenge theſe by right.
To Ireland he then was ſent,
The kernes and rebells to convince,

Whilſt victorie flewe whereas he went,
  And rebelles made to owne their prince.

But what can laſt? not braſſe, nor ſtone,
  Not adamant, though harder ſtill.
Can men of fleſhe and bloode and bone
  Hope to indure when nothing will?
As men are borne, ſo muſt they dye;
  Such is the Almightys great decree,
And nobles yeeld, albeit ſo high,
  To deaths fell ſtroke, like you and mee.

So yeelded Eſſex but too ſoone:
  His youth not yet, I weene, was paſt;
In very midſt of manly noone
  His daye of life was over caſt.
Too harde the taſke he undertooke,
  And to ſevere his toile and paine.
Death, when the Earle was weakeſt, ſtrooke:
  The coward ſtriketh not in vaine.

The rebelles ſtout alone rejoyce,
  To finde that now their greateſt foe
Hath neither hart, nor heate, nor voyce,
  But on the earth is laide full lowe:
Whilſt we for this the more lament
  His onelie loſſe, as we have ſeene;
And more then all the diſcontent
  And ſorrowe of our gracious Queene.

Lament with me, lament then all,
  The heavie loſſe that we ſuſtaine:

When ſuch miſchaunces doe befall,
  Our onely eaſe is to complaine.
Our Queene hath loſt a ſouldier brave,
  The Court hath ſeene a courtiers ende ;
Nobilitie now filles a grave,
  The common weale hath loſt a frend.

Of his Lady.

WHAT flower is my lady like ?
    You thinke the roſe
    Is my ſuppoſe ;
But it doth not my fancie ſtrike.
    The gaudie roſe
    In ſummer blowes ;
In winter it is cold and dead :
    My lovely flower
    Bloomes moſt the hower,
When dayes are darke, and ſummer fled.

My ladyes like no mortall flower
    That hath its birth
    Upon this earth,
Though formde in nature's choſen hower.
    Albeit in deede
    It had the ſeede
In garden bright of Paradiſe ;
    And endles bloom
    From thence hath come,
To bleſſe each other ſence and eies.

I nere ſhall thinke my ladie olde:
  I feele no feares
  Of comming yeares;
Ile love the more a thouſand folde.
  Time can not vade
  What vertue made:
Vertue puts backe the hand of Tyme;
  And love like mine
  Is ſo divine,
To thinke of failing is a crime.

Unworthy her I am, I know;
  And what is beſt
  In me and bleſt
Is onelie that I love her ſo.
  There can not bee
  Noe worth in mee,
Seeing I love ſo paſſing well:
  If me ſhe lovde,
  It would be provde
How much I did all men excell.

That can not come within my ſcope;
  Yet ſervice true
  I ſtill will doe,
And even hope in ſpight of hope.
  She is above
  My humble love,
That but lookes up in ſtill delight.
  The ſtarres are high
  Within the ſkye;
I reach them not for they are bright.

Faire ſtar, looke downe ; and as a frend
On me but thinke
For one ſweete winke,
And I am bleſt ſans ſum or ende.
Starres, never frowne,
But aye looke downe
On earth with ſmiling cheerefull eies.
Ah me ! but then
They ſee all men :
Thy ſmiles are my monopolies.

The great Earthquake.

TAKE warning, London ; and beware
By what you late have ſeene :
O ! let it fill your minde with care,
The earthquake I doe meane.
It is a ſigne,
Of wrath divine ;
A warning to all ſubjectes of our Queene.

But moſt to thee, O London towne !
Where ſinne is now ſo rife,
It bearéth lowly vertue downe,
Choaking with weedes her life.
Eche wanton weede
Is growne to ſeede,
So luſhe they neede much more the pruning knife.

And thinke how mercifull our God
Doth not at once deſtroye ;

But doth ſuſpend his awefull rodd,
  And theſe great ſignes imploy
    To teach us all,
    Both great and ſmall,
No longer we ſhould live in ſinfull joye.

In ſinfull joy? where is the joye
  That may be found in ſinne?
Sin doth true happyneſſe diſtroy
  And miſerie beginne:
    True joy alone
    To thoſe is knowne
Who conſtant ſtrive the great reward to win.

Tremble ye ſinners all therefore,
  Ye fornicators vile,
Ye ſwearers, dycers, carders, more
  Then I can name the while:
    Tremble all yee
    That ſinners bee,
And let the wanton leave her painted ſmile.

If ſhe not change it, God ſoone will
  Deface her feigned hew:
In vaine then all her arte and ſkill,
  However ſtrange or new.
    No painting pott
    Can hide the rott
Of face and ſoule, when death ſhall her ſubdew.

To ſuch was this great warning ſent
  In mercy, as I deeme,

To teach them truely to repent
  And wake from worldly dreame.
    Let this earthquake
    Their dead ſouls ſhake,
And rouſe them to new life, as doth beſeeme.

It came at eve, as Aprill day
  Shut up its watery eye,
And fillde all London with diſmaye,
  And that all ſuddenly:
    In open ſtreete
    Did all men meete,
Leaving their houſes ſhaking fearfully.

The belles, as of them ſelves, did toll
  The knell of all the people:
Huge ſtones fall downe, and others roll
  From tower and from ſteeple:
    Theſe none could ſhun
    Though faſt they run,
They ſoone ore tooke and killd both whole and creeple.

In one ſhort minute, ſtrange to view,
  The cittie ſtood amazd:
Confuſion rangde the wardes all through,
  Eche on his neighbor gazde:
    All were agaſt,
    But ſoone it paſt:
If it continued, London had beene razde.

Againe I ſay repent, repent,
  Repent, O England! now:

Live not on vice ſo lewdly bent,
God will it not allow.
Repent, nor waite
Untill to late:
Eche one repent, and his amendment vow.

Let Sabbath breakers, moſt of all,
From this great leſſon learne,
God but delayes for them to call,
That they in time may turne.
The earthquake came
To warne the ſame,
Leaſt they in Hell be doombd for aye to burne.

The Lover's Hunt is up.

THE hunt is up! the hunt is up!
Awake, my Ladie free:
The Sunne hath riſen from out his priſon
beneath the gliſtering ſea.

The hunt is up, the hunt is up!
Awake, my Ladie bright:
The morning larke is high, to marke
The comming of day light.

The hunt is up, the hunt is up!
Awake, my Ladie faire:
The kine and ſheepe, but now aſleepe,
browſe in the morning aire.

The hunt is up, the hunt is up!
Awake, my Ladie gaye:
The ſtarres are fled to the ocean bed,
and now it is broad day.

The hunt is up, the hunt is up!
Awake, my Ladie ſheene:
The hills looke out, and the woods about
are dreſt in lovely greene.

The hunt is up, the hunt is up!
Awake, my Ladie deare:
A morn in ſpring is the ſweeteſt thinge
commeth in all the yeare.

The hunt is up, the hunt is up!
Awake, my Ladie ſweete:
I come to thy bowre, at this lovde houre,
My owne true love to greete.

Maides and Widowes.

IF ever I marry Ile marry a maide:
To marry a widowe I am ſore afrayde;
For maides they are ſimple and never will grutch,
But widowes full oft, as they ſaie, know too much.

A maide is ſo ſweete and ſo gentle of kinde,
That a maide is the wyfe I will chooſe to my minde;
A widowe is froward, and never will yeeld;
Or if ſuch there be, you will meete them but ſeeld.

A maide nere complaineth, do what ſo you will,
But what you meane well, a widowe takes ill:
A widowe will make you a drudge and a ſlave,
And coſt nere ſo much, ſhe will ever go brave.

A maide is ſo modeſt, ſhe ſeemeth a roſe,
When it firſt beginneth the bud to uncloſe;
But a widowe full blowen full often deceives,
And the next winde that ſtirres ſkakes downe all the leaves.

That widowes be lovelie I never gainſaye,
But to[o] well their bewtie they know to diſplay;
But a maide hath ſo great hidden bewty in ſtore,
She can ſpare to a widowe and never be poore.

Then, if ever I marry, give me a freſhe maide,
If to marry with anie I be not a frayde;
But [to] marry with anie it aſketh much care,
And ſome batchelours hold them beſt as they are.

The Clowne turnde Gentleman.

A COUNTREY clowne
To London towne
    His journey once began;
For he did pretend
His money to ſpend,
    And turne gallant gentleman.

His ruſſett ſute
And ſtartups to boote,

He left them all behinde:
I ſhall finde all and ſome,
When to London I comme,
Better to pleaſe my minde.

By brave Iſlington
Downe the ſtreet of S. John
To Smithfield ſtrait he came:
For a horſe he paide
Which was onely a jade:
Thus at firſt he was to blame.

To a taylors he went
Incontinent,
And bought him a gallant ſute;
And ſoe the yonge farmer
A hogge ſeemde in armour:
Diſguiſed he was like a brute.

To him ſelfe he thought,
Manners are nought,
As long as my dreſſe is gay;
And a great golde chaine,
That was guilt very plaine,
He bought to[o] upon the way.

He went through Fleete ſtrete,
And a ladie did meete,
Who calde him her darling deare:
She never had ſeene
Such a gallant betweene
That day, and the next yeare.

A hat and a feather,
With gloves of fine leather,
    And a rapier by his ſide,
Or more oft betweene
His two legges, I meane;
    Soe he ſtumbled at every ſtride.

Thus verie well content
With her he went
    To a vaulting houſe hard by,
Where he was well treated,
Beate, robbde and cheated
    Of all his money, or nigh.

And this merie punke
Made him ſo drunke
    That he colde ſcarcely ſtand;
Then turnde him out
At night, no doubt
    Into the belmans hand.

To the Counter full ſoone
They caried the clowne;
    And thence he got not free,
Untill he could furniſh
The jailor with garniſh,
    And manie an other fee.

Thus John a Noake
Paide for his joke;

And with not one pennie home
He was glad to goe,
And ſwore never moe
To London towne to roame.

Love me little, love me long.

Love me little, love me long
Is the burden of my ſong;
Love that is to hot and ſtrong
burneth ſtill to waſte.
Still I wolde not have thee colde,
Not to backward, nor to bolde;
Love that laſteth till tis olde
fadeth not in haſte, Love me, &c.

If thou loveſt me too much,
It will not prove true as touch;
Love me little more then ſuch,
for I feare the ende.
I am with little well content,
And a little from the[e] ſent
Is enough, with true intent,
to be ſtedfaſt frend. Love me, &c.

Say thou lovſt me while thou live,
I to thee my ſoule will give,
Never dreaming to deceive,
whiles that life indures:
Nay; and after death, in ſooth,

I to thee will keepe my truth,
As now when in my May of youth:
this my love aſſures. Love me, &c.

Conſtant love is moderate ever,
And it will through life perſever:
Give me that, with true endeavour
I will it reſtore.
A ſute of durance let it bee
For all weathers; that for me,
For the land or for the ſea,
laſting ever more. Love me, &c.

Winters colde or ſummers heate,
Autumns tempeſtes on it beate,
It can never knowe defeate,
never can rebell.
Such the love that I wold gaine,
Such the love, I tell the[e] plaine,
Thou muſt give, or woe in vaine:
Soe to thee farewell. Love me, &c.

Home is still Home.

HOME is ſtill home, be it never ſo ill,
And ſay in diſpraiſe of it what ſo you will:
The tavernes are good where good ale doth foame,
But better, I weene, is a houſe and a home.

Home is ſtill home, be it never ſo ill;
You that have none do your happineſſe ſpill:

The alleyes are good where good bowlers doe come,
But better, I weene, is a houſe and a home.

Home is ſtill home, be it never ſo ill,
With a good carefull wife that is merie and ſtill;
The Stewes may be good, if you thither muſt roame,
But better, I weene, is a houſe and a home.

Home is ſtill home, be it never ſo ill,
And children are good, when they do what you will:
The playes may be good with a King and a Mome,
But better, I weene, is a houſe and a home.

Home is ſtill home, be it never ſo ill,
Though you ſay that I toyle like a horſe in a mill:
The dice and the cardes may be good thinges to ſome,
But better, I weene, is a houſe and a home.

Home is ſtill home, be it never ſo ill,
With a minde with content for the beſt of its ſkill;
The Court may be good, where I never will come,
But ſet up my reſt in my houſe and my home.

Youth and Age.

OLDE Age and Youth did meete
    All in a ſhadie grove,
And thus, in ſad retreate,
    Eche for the mayſtry ſtrove.

Youth. Go by, olde man, and get
out of my heedeles waye:
To Youth thou art a lett,
but I will laugh and playe.
Time is to ſigh and grone
when, like thee, I am olde;
Then will I make my mone,
that I am chill and colde.

Age. Fond Youth, thy yeeres are greene,
but ſoone will come the browne,
And then it ſhalbe ſeene
how thou wilt frett and frowne.
Thou laugheſt at me nowe,
and biddes me to goe by,
But thinke awhile that thou,
like me, muſt ſtoope and dye.

Youth. Leave that, olde man, to mee;
I ſhall live manie yeeres:
When I am olde as thee
is time enough for feares.
Why ſholde I weepe and ſighe
whiles I can daunce and ſing?
Goe tell the larke or pye
not to rejoyce in Spring.

Age. Thinke this, O luſty Youth!
thy reaſon God did give
To teach thee, for a truth,
thou cannot always live.
The larke and pye knowe not
that Winter commeth ſoone,

When all their fonges, God wot,
  fhall be but out of tune.

Youth. I am full well content,
  like them in winter daye,
To know that it is fent,
  and foone it will awaye.
The Spring returnes againe
  with all its mery greene,
When woodes and feildes are fayne
  in liverie [to] be feene.

Age. Then farewell, mofte fond boy;
  to talke with thee is vayne:
I will my tyme imploye
  where I may fome thinge gaine.
Youth. Farewell, thou graybeard man,
  thy counfell when I neede,
Ile come to thee, and then,
  perchance, thoulte better fpeede.

Daintie, come thou to me.

He. WILT thou from me thus part
  and leave me in miferie,
When I gave thee hand and hart,
  onely with thee to live and dye?
    Caft from thy hart all care;
      from thee I nere will flee,
    Let them fay what they will [dare],
      Daintie, come thou to mee.

Were my ftate or good or ill,
rich, or els in povertie,
Yet would I ever love thee ftill ;
prove thou me, and thou fhalt fee.
Caft from thy hart, &c.

Were you rich, or were you poore,
it fholde be the fame to mee ;
I would beg from doore to doore,
if nede were, to maintaine thee.
Caft from thy hart, &c.

Were I a lord, were I a knight,
or came I of a hie degree,
All my landes fhould be thy right :
prove thou me, and thou fhalt fee.
Caft from thy hart, &c.

If the Indian golde were mine,
and all the countles welth of Spaine,
That, and more, it fholde be thine :
prove me, love, yet once againe.
Caft from thy hart, &c.

Thy beauty doth the world excell,
above all worldes I love but thee :
With thee I faine would ever dwell ;
prove me, love, and thou fhalt fee.
Caft from thy hart, &c.

I promife truely for thy fake
all other I will conftant flee,

And to thee onely will I take ;
  prove me, love, and thou ſhalt ſee.
    Caſt from thy hart, &c.

Let me, then, thy love obtaine,
  or my death thourt ſure to bee :
Returne to me now once againe ;
  ſweete, I love, and onelie thee.
    Caſt from thy hart, &c.

If thy frendes doe frowne and frett,
  and thy parentes angrie bee,
That, I pray thee, be no lett :
  I will love but onelie thee.
    Caſt from thy hart, &c.

[*She.*] Here is my hand, and here my hart,
  faith and troth I plight to thee :
From thy ſide I nere will part,
  prove thou me, and thou ſhalt ſee.
    Caſt from thy hart, &c.

Friendes and parentes I forſake :
  with thee I vow my life to ſpend,
And refuſe no paine to take,
  untill my life doe come to ende.
    Caſt from thy hart, &c.

He. Fare thee well, thou truſtie love,
  Of me thou never ſhalt complaine :
I will ever conſtant prove,
  and full ſoone we meete againe.

He & She. Caſt from thy hart all care,
from thee I never will flee,
Let them all ſay what they will [dare],
Daintie, come thou to mee.

What is my Servaunt like?

My ſervaunts like a dog, that foloweth a rogue
For mammockes he hath got;
Yet he is not like a dog, for every man may nock,
And ſtill he biteth not.
A dog he is a beaſt, moſt faythfull at the leaſt,
My ſervaunt is not ſo:
He runneth through the dirt to everie gill flirt
He doth, or doth not know.

My ſervaunts like a glaſſe, that ſhoweth on his face
All thinges low and meane;
Yet he is not like a glaſſe to ſhow what doth paſſe,
His face is ſo ſeldom cleane.
A glaſſe is ever bright, and pleaſeth ladyes ſight,
My ſervaunt pleaſeth none:
He never pleaſeth me, nor anie that I ſee,
Till that his ſute is done.

My ſervauntes like a horſe, that tireth in the courſe,
And is a ſory jade:
He is not like a horſe of courage and of force,
Nor ſuch was ever made.
A horſe, a thing of pride for knighthood to beſtride,
Gallantly doth curvett:

What my ſervaunt beares no man living cares,
No, nor noe woman yet.

My ſervauntes like a winde that bloweth but to blinde,
To blight and chill the blood;
Yet he is not like the wind that bloweth ſome men
He bloweth no man good. [kinde;
The winde is holeſome aire, but I muſt declare
My ſervaunt is nothing ſuch;
For he is a man that no woman can
Like, as I thinke, to touch.

My ſervauntes like a ſacke at a beggers backe,
To put ragges and bones there in:
He is a bag of bones, but worthleſſe for the nones,
Like to ſacke cloth his ſkin.
Yet a beggers ſacke ſome tyme doth nothing lacke
That he may eate or drinke;
But my ſervaunts ſkin nothing hath there in
Any woman lackes, I thinke.

My ſervantes like a cole, blacke as is a mole,
But not ſo ſoft, I ſaye:
A cole doth often ſhine, but this man of mine
Shineth by night nor daie.
Beſide, a cole hath heate to warme both handes and
He no warmth ever felt: [feete,
He is a thing of ice, and by my adviſe,
No one will cauſe him melt.

My ſervantes like a poſt, in the way of moſt
Paſſing through the ſtreete;

A thing of ftone or wood, that doth little good,
And rarely cleane and fweete :
Yet, amid all thefe abufes, pofts ftill have their ufes
To tell us what is the playe ;
And dogs againft them fcratch, fleas alive to catch :
Doth he fuch fervice ? Nay.

My fervantes like a ftone at a cur is throwne,
That the fame cur doth bite ;
Yet he is not like a ftone, for, let it alone,
It doth the roade fome right.
He doth right to no man, ftill leffe to a woman,
As I full foone fhould fee,
If I were content to take him, and confent
He fhould my husband bee.

My fervantes like a fifhe, and every man cries, Pifh !
Here is a ftinking fmell !
Yet hes not like a fifhe, that fome tyme in a difhe
Doth moft exceeding well.
A fifh fwims in the fea, fo fhould he for mee,
I neede him not on land ;
And I moft truly wifh he was a finny fifh,
With no hand to take my hand.

FINIS.

Thomas Richards, Printer, Great Queen Street.

A FEW

Odds and Ends,

FOR

CHEERFUL FRIENDS.

A Christmas Gift.

Ludere lubet.



"SHAKE HANDS OVER A VAST."

PRINTED FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION ONLY.
1870.

NOTICE.

These "Odds and Ends" were written between the ages of 18 and the fame figures reverfed.

Some of them may be recognifed as old, very old, friends, and others, like old, very old, friends, may have been utterly forgotten. Thofe abfolutely original (as far as poetry can now-a-days be fo called) are comparatively few; but when the editor, in his mifcellaneous reading, met with anything that he fancied might be eafily turned into verfe, he did not fcruple to employ the material in his own way, as far as his "fmattering" in his own or in other languages availed him. When finifhed, he ufually threw the fcraps into a neighbouring drawer; and the order (or diforder) in which they appear in

the following pages may be accounted for by the faćt, that they are printed very much in the ſequence in which they recently preſented themſelves to his hand.

He has put them in type, becauſe he thought that ſome of them deſerved preſervation; and becauſe, on the recurrence of this day, he wiſhed to produce a trifle that, among his diſcreet, ſociable, and tolerant friends, would increaſe harmleſs mirth, or revive pleaſant recollećtions. Whatever might be conſidered inconſiſtent with the hilarity of the ſeaſon has been purpoſely excluded.

J. P. C.

January 11*th*, 1870.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Spanish Generosity.

KING Ferdinand aſk'd Aben-amar, the Moor,
How he liv'd with ſuch ſtrength to the age of four ſcore?
And his priſoner thus anſwerd: "I held the rule good,
That when I could ſit, I never have ſtood;
And, inſtead of now throwing myſelf at your feet,
As a king, though a captive, I here take my ſeat.
I ate for my hunger, I drank for my thirſt,
And I ne'er taſted wine—'tis a liquor accurſt.
I married in manhood, and married no ſtranger;
And when my wife died, I avoided the danger
Of marrying again: an old man with young wife
Is certain to ſhorten the term of his life.
Thus my arm is ſtill firm, though my head may be grey,
And I hope yet to meet you in many a fray:
I'm the Chriſtian's ſworn foe while life yet remains,
In ſpite of your dungeon, in ſpite of theſe chains."—
"You are free!" ſaid the King; "to your armies depart:
So old in the head, and ſo young in the heart!"

Toleration.

AS Abraham ſate in the door of his tent,
Marking the people who came and who went,
He ſaw an old man, with tottering limb,
Bent o'er his ſtaff, approaching him.
"Enter and reſt thee," the Patriarch ſaid ;
"I will waſh thy feet, and give thee bread."
The old man enter'd—began to eat,
But aſk'd no bleſſing upon the meat.
"What God do you ſerve ?" ſaid the Hebrew ſire:
The old man anſwer'd, "I worſhip the fire."
"If that be ſo," cried Abraham in wrath,
"Away from my tent, and follow your path !"
So, out of his tent he thruſt the old man,
Juſt as the chillneſs of night began.—
Then God beſpake his friend: "Say, where
Is the poor old man you ſhelter'd whilere ?"
"I drove him forth of my tent, for that he
Worſhipp'd the fire inſtead of Thee."
But God replied, "For a century or more
He hath me diſhonour'd, but ſtill I forbore :
Could'ſt thou not forbear for a ſingle night ?"—
The poor old man was not yet out of ſight,
So Abraham ran after, and begg'd him return.
Go thou and do likewiſe, and GOD'S LESSON learn.

Love and Folly.

1.

Love and Folly were invited
 To a banquet, giv'n on high
By great Jove; and ſought united
 The ſtar-chamber of the ſky.
Love and Folly ſince their birth
Chiefly dwelt with men on earth,
Full of miſchief, full of mirth.

2.

On arriving, they diſputed
 Which firſt ſhould enter heaven's gate ;
And with Folly well it ſuited
 Such a matter to debate.
Love, not oft diſpos'd to care
How he enter'd any where,
Folly's pride but ill could bear.

3.

Folly ſtood on his precedence,
 Older, not ſo old in ſins;
Cupid gave his claim no credence ;
 Love and Folly muſt be twins.
So from words to blows they flew,
And they fought, as boys will do,
'Till Love's eyes were black and blue.

4.

Folly had fome trifling fcratches;
  And while Love lay on the ground,
As at earthly boxing matches,
  Both Love's fwollen eyes he bound:
But he tied the knot fo hard,
All the power of gods it marr'd
Folly's bandage to difcard.

5.

Vulcan tried, but he, two-fifted,
  Only made the urchin cry:
Mars effay'd, but foon defifted;
  Pallas was too wife to try.
Hermes was too fly a thief
To fpoil fport, and give relief;
Venus could not do't for grief.

6.

Hymen only tighter drew it:
  Should his own knot prove a curfe,
When petition'd to undo it,
  Ten to one he makes it worfe.
Venus then to Jove complain'd
Of the wrong her boy fuftain'd,
And young Folly was arraign'd.

7.

Folly foon "not guilty" pleaded,
  Charg'd with making Cupid blind;
And befought, ere they proceeded,
  Counfel be to him affign'd.

Mercury was nam'd by Jove,
While Apollo ſtood for Love
In the Olympic court above.

8.

All the facts upon the trial
  Were eſtabliſh'd to their ſhame:
Cupid could not make denial
  He had alſo been to blame;
And, though the chief witneſs now,
Croſs-examin'd, muſt allow
He had help'd to make the row.

9.

Both were guilty.—Jove ſuſpended
  Sentence for ten thouſand years;
And, the trial being ended,
  Rul'd, as by record appears,
That they ſhould journey ſide by ſide,
And through nations far and wide,
Folly ſtill be Cupid's guide.

10.

Thus, Divorce Courts now are needed,
  To undo what Love and Folly
Still have done (as they proceeded
  Through the world) with Tom and Polly:
Man and wife muſt diſagree,
And a Judge is paid his fee
To ſet Tom from Polly free.

The Poet and the Cobbler.

A RARE Englifh rhymer had made a good fong,
  Which was fet to a very good tune,
And was chanted alike by the old and the young,
  At morning, at night, and at noon.

As the Poet one day was paffing the way,
  He arriv'd at a poor Cobbler's ftall,
And heard his own fong, to the very great wrong
  Of the time, tune, the meafure and all.

The Cobbler was finging with might and with main,
  To the ruin of every poor verfe;
And the Poet his choler could hardly reftrain,
  For no man could fing the fong worfe.

But patience was nobler: he fpoke to the Cobbler,
  And afk'd him what he was about?
"I am mending a boot; you fee, this is the foot,
  And this is the leg you won't doubt."—

"I doubt not (faid tother) the leg nor the foot,
  But doubt whether you have the fkill:
I'm a cobbler myfelf; and a botcher to boot,
  In a different line, if you will."

The Cobbler look'd up from his lapftone, and eyed
  The face of the maker of rhyme.
"If you're fuch a workman," he grumbling replied,
  "Pray fhow it: you're now juft in time."—

"That's more than you were, as I heard in your fong:
  A fhoemaker's bound to keep meafure.
But lend me your knife and the boot, and ere long
  I'll teach you your trade with great pleafure."

So he handed the knife, and he gave him the boot,
  And ere Cobbler could turn himfelf round,
The Poet had cut off the leg from the foot,
  And then dropp'd them both on the ground.

The Cobbler might well, and with reafon, be wrath
  At the prank which the Poet had play'd,
And call'd in a conftable off the foot-path,
  To feek for a magiftrate's aid.

The cafe was explain'd to his worfhip at large,
  Who look'd very wife at the fuit;
And, addreffing the Poet, he gave it in charge
  That the man fhould be paid for his boot.

"I prefume that your worfhip will hear my defence,
  Ere I'm fin'd," faid the maker of verfe.
"He had ferv'd me before, in a different fenfe,
  In the very fame way—only worfe."

"How ſo? (cried the Juſtice) you cut off the foot
Of his boot: what had he done to you?"
"He cut off my feet."—"Why, how could he do't,
When I ſee that you ſtand upon two?"—

"Pleaſe your worſhip, I wrote a moſt popular ſong:
To a ſong moſt important the feet are,
Much more than to boots; but he ſang it ſo wrong,
That he marr'd both the meaning and metre.

"I heard him ſo ſing it; and I marr'd his boot
As a practical proof of the wrong:
So now we are quits: there's an end of his ſuit;
I ruin'd his boot—he my ſong."

The Juſtice, though magiſtrate, was not an aſs,
But reliſh'd a ſong and a joke;
So perſuaded the Cobbler to let the thing paſs
By putting ſome pence in his poke.

The Cobbler would fain have repeated the ſong,
To ſhow that the charge was unjuſt;
But his worſhip declar'd it would hold him too long;
He would much rather take it on truſt.

Mark this, Mr. Knox (my good formerly friend),
Mark this, Meſſrs. Benſon and Selfe;
Only bring Police caſes to this cobbler's end,
And you will not be put on the ſhelf.

Don Pedro and the Shoemaker.

THE Archdeacon of Seville a ſhoemaker murder'd ;
  The ſhoemaker's ſon for ſtrict juſtice did pray ;
And the Court, in its wiſdom, the Archdeacon order'd
  Not to ſay maſs again for a year and a day :
During that time he might ſtudy repentance.
But the ſhoemaker's ſon, not content with the ſentence,

Appeal'd to the King on his progreſs through Spain ;
  And when Pedro aſk'd for the truth of the caſe,
The judges replied, that to try him again
  Would be held moſt unjuſt, to the law a diſgrace ;
For, as the archprieſt had been duly ſuſpended,
He was ſuffering the ſentence—the matter was ended.

The King, hearing this, call'd the young man aſide,
  And aſk'd him, unheard, if he'd courage to kill
The bloody Archdeacon ? The young man replied,
  It was all that he wiſh'd.—"Then, do as you will ;
I myſelf give you leave : therefore be not alarmed,
Appeal but to me, and I'll ſee you're unharmed."

The ſhoemaker bow'd : the proceſſion mov'd on.—
  Next day, as it happen'd, the prieſts went in ſtate
To Seville Cathedral, the Archdeacon one,
  Who at the young ſhoemaker's hand met his fate.
They ſeiz'd the aſſaſſin, and inſtantly brought him
Before the ſame King who to do it had taught him.

The crime was confeſs'd. Said the King, "This youth's father
Was ſlain by this prieſt, who was therefore decreed
Not to preach for a year; a ſentence that rather,
For merely a murder, appears to exceed.
This youth is a ſhoemaker: I'll be ſevere :—
Let him do no ſhoemaking for a whole year."

A Lesson to the Learned.

A Fox and a Wolf, walking out,
Saw a Mule that was grazing the lea,
And they both at once ſtopp'd, as in doubt;
What the deuce could the animal be?

It was neither a horſe nor an aſs,
Nor a cow, nor a ſheep; but 'twas tame.
As they could not make out what it was,
They determin'd to aſk it its name.

My name (ſaid the Mule) you may ſee
Very clearly engrav'd on my hoof:
There read it, as plain as can be."
But the Fox drew a little aloof.

"There you'll ſee both my name and my breed:
I'm a novelty I muſt allow."
So, lifting his leg, bade them read;
But the Fox ſaid he did not know how.

"Not know how?" (cried the Wolf) "what a ſhame!
In ignorance vice has its root.
I will very ſoon read you his name;"
And bent his head down to the foot.

The Mule watch'd his time to the nick,
And while the Wolf took ſo much pains,
He gave him a terrible kick,
That knock'd out the old blockhead's brains.

"Who'd have thought he had brains in his head?"
Cried the Fox with affected ſurpriſe:
"Some folks may be very well read,
But not, as we ſee, very wiſe."

Song of the Shepherdess.

'TIS not the Court nor City fine
Can give to me the true delight
That among the fields is mine,
Happineſs from morn till night!
Cities are
Rich and fair,
But ſuch wealth we well can ſpare.

Who is poor that liveth here,
  Where few wants or none we have?
Riches, ſure, are bought too dear,
  When they make the wretched brave.
    This we know,
    Wealth is woe;
Happy Shepherds hold it ſo.

If we have no high-built towers,
  We have that is better far:
Nature's lowly, leafy bowers,
  Bowers of bliſs, not towers of war.
    Strife and fear
    Come not here,
But peaceful reſt and ſimple cheer.

Let the City vaunt her pride;
  Pride and painting well agree:
Riches ſhe may brag beſide;
  She cannot boaſt ſuch wealth as we.
    Her's ſoon ſpent,
    Our's content,
And never-ending merriment.

A Prince's Secrets.

PHILIPPIDES had writ a poem,
And took it to the King, to ſhew him:
Lyſimachus was ſo delighted,
He thought it ſcarce could be requited.

"What can I do, you worthy bard you,
That will fufficiently reward you?"
"And pleafe your highnefs," faid the poet,
If you would do me kindnefs, fhow it,
As payment for thefe lines in Greek writ,
By never telling me a fecret:
The other day you cut a head off
For blabbing, which I ftand in dread of.
Your fecrets if I do not know 'em,
I'll live to write another poem.

The Widow Caught.

A YOUNG gallant lov'd a rich widow,
  But time after time could not thrive;
So he afk'd a fhrewd friend and a neighbour,
  If he could the matter contrive?

"Only leave it to me," faid the neighbour;
  And went to the widow ftraightway,
And tòld her the gallant, her lover,
  Was to marry upon fuch a day.

That his fuit he had quite given over
  To her, fince he could not fucceed,
And now had found out a young lady,
  Who was anxious to have him with fpeed.

Said the widow, "I'm very glad of it:"
  But added the friend, "He's afraid,
When the banns are put up, you'll forbid them;
  And then muſt the match be delay'd."

"He need not fear me," ſaid the widow,
  And heartily laughed as ſhe ſpoke.
Said the friend, "Will you make an aſſurance,
  That now you're not ſpeaking in joke?"

"I give you my word," ſaid the widow;
  "Nay, more, I will give you my bond
For a thouſand, whoe'er is the lady,
  On whom he's now doatingly fond."

The friend took the widow's free offer,
  And got her to ſign and to ſeal;
And then he went off to her lover,
  To ſettle how farther to deal.

Next Sunday to church went the widow,
  To learn who was choſen inſtead;
And all the time ſat in a fidget,
  Until ſhe could hear the banns read.

Nor was ſhe a little aſtoniſh'd
  To hear her own name, as ſhe did;
And then ſhe remember'd the thouſand
  She loſt, if the banns were forbid.

This was but the firſt time of aſking,
  But as ſhe ſo fairly was caught,
She let them be read for the ſecond,
  And third: ſhe was ſold and was bought.

She married the gallant ſoon after,
  And never had cauſe to repent:
He was conſtant and kind to the widow,
  And gave her his heart, and content.

The Tanner and the Dog.

A COUNTRY Tanner, with pike-ſtaff in hand,
Was walking quickly, ſomewhere near the Strand,
When a butcher's dog (ſuch ſavage tricks they teach)
Flew out upon him, and tore fleſh and breech.
Round turn'd the Tanner, and, without more note,
He thruſt his pike-ſtaff down the mongrel's throat,
And kill'd the beaſt. The butcher, in a rage,
Firſt had the Tanner lodg'd within the cage,
And then before a magiſtrate he brought him,
To have ſome better London manners taught him.
"Why," ſaid the Juſtice, "what did you intend
By thruſting at the dog with the ſharp end
Of your pike-ſtaff? would not the blunt end do
To keep the dog off, and not run him through?"—
"An't pleaſe your worſhip, if the dog had run
With his blunt end at me, it might have done
But he ran with his ſharp end, not his blunt:
If he had kept his blunt end ſtill in front,
I would have uſed the blunt end of my ſtaff."
At which the magiſtrate began to laugh,
And ſo did the ſpectators, one and all,
Even the butcher; ſo for wine they call,
And ſettled the affair without more gall.

A Rustic Love-Song.

Seest thou yonder bluſhing flower,
Peeping from forth the thicket bower,
Still gliſtening with the dewy ſhower,
  Ere the hot ſun's invading?
Such and ſo fair is my Dorilace,
Such is her beauty, and ſuch her grace,
The dew of youth ſtill hangs on her face,
  But not ſo frail and fading.

Seeſt thou the cloud in the heavens yonder,
With ſnow-white boſom parted in ſunder,
Smiling bright on the earth that's under,
  With joy that ſmile receiving?
Such and ſo white is my miſtreſs breaſt,
But more of firmneſs and warmth may be gueſs'd,
As if petitioning ſtill to be preſs'd
  By its high ſwelling and heaving.

The Veriest Fool.

A rich man died, and left his ſon
  A jar with gold well lin'd,
And charg'd him give it to a fool,
  The verieſt he could find.

So, to fulfill his father's will
  The young man journey'd far,
But could not hear of any fool
  Was worthy of the jar.

For ſtill, whatever land he paſs'd,
  With jar of gold all yellow,
He found a greater fool than laſt;
  Each fool out-fool'd his fellow.

When he had met the verieſt fool
  That he ſuppos'd could be,
Next day he ſaw, 'twas quite the rule,
  A greater fool than he.

At length he to a land drew near,
  Govern'd by ſuch a man,
As only reign'd a ſingle year,
  When a new reign began.

The late king then was ſcorn'd, deſpis'd,
  As upſtarts often fare,
And, as we know, too much the caſe
  With London's annual Mayor.

Surrounded firſt by ſtate and pomp,
  And lorded like a peer,
Then to his ſhop deſcending plump,
  At ending of his year.

" Now heaven be prais'd!" the young man cried,
  " I'll be no more perplex'd:
This king muſt be of fools the pride,
  Let who will come the next!"

Skelton's Sermon upon his Cap.

Qui ſe exaltat humiliabitur, et qui ſe humiliat exaltabitur.

My brethren, I'll explain this text
By an example that comes next.
When a young man, I oft was vex'd,
Becauſe my proud inſulting hood
Never protected, as it ſhould,
My head, to do me any good ;
But always, like large empty ſack,
Hung moſt unſightly down my back,
The which the cold did not attack,
And did not ſuch a covering lack.
Therefore, I took it, being black,
And by ſcizzars, and by ſtitches,
I made of it a pair of breeches,
Sewing the pieces all together,
To cover and protect my nether ;
For, you muſt know, the natural leather
Could not endure our wintry weather.
I wore them ſo for ſeveral years,
Till here and there a hole appears,
And all the nap, as if by ſhears,
Was ſmooth'd away ; and led to fears
That, as the cloth was old and thin,
I might perchance expoſe my ſkin,
And want of decency is ſin.
I therefore took the ſoundeſt part,

And with a little toil and art,
I made this Cap, as you may fee,
Exceedingly becoming me,
Out of my breeches prefently;
And I have worn it conftantly
Upon my head to keep out cold,
A new cap made from breeches old.
Thus, you perceive, from what I've told,
How from my Cap I illuftrate
The text we now have in debate,
A matter of extremeft weight.
My hood was proud—I humbled it
Down to my breeches, as was fit,
Until it gain'd both age and wit,
But nap and fubftance not a bit.
When it was humble, I once more
Rais'd it ev'n higher than before,
Becaufe fo well its lot it bore.
This is the leffon you muft ftore:—
The humble fhall on high be raifed,
The haughty lowly be debafed.
I've done my fermon. Heaven be praifed!

The Seven Sleepers.

SEVEN noble youths of Ephefus,
  Who lov'd the Chriftian faith,
Were by the tyrant Decius
  Purfued well nigh to death.

They ſought for ſafety in the caves,
  Which when the tyrant found,
He gave command to pagan ſlaves
  To cloſe them in the ground.

They pil'd up huge unwieldy ſtones
  Againſt the cavern's mouth,
That hunger might conſume their bones,
  Or they meet death by drouth.

Was nothing heard of them again
  For full five hundred year,
Till ſome one chanc'd to take the pain
  To make the entrance clear :

Not dreaming there was aught within,
  But enter'd in to ſee,
And there beheld the ſeven young men
  All ſleeping, four and three.

They all were lying on the ground ;
  And when they ſaw the light,
They ſtarted up, as from a ſwound,
  To ſee it ſhine ſo bright.

All who had entered ran away
  As faſt as they could run :
The ſleepers rubb'd their eyes, for they
  Could ſcarce endure the ſun.

Hungry they were when they lay down,
  And hungry when they roſe :
Eftſoons they went into the town
  For food, you may ſuppoſe.

Their eyeballs glar'd to ſee the place,
  So altered as it was:
They did not know a face, nor trace
  Of any ſtreet they paſs.

The people likewiſe op'd their eyes
  To ſee ſeven youths ſo ſtrange:
Their dreſs appeared like players guiſe,
  So great had been the change.

They offer'd money for their food:
  It was ſo very old,
The baker thought it was not good,
  Although it ſhone like gold.

He ſummon'd all the magiſtrates,
  The Biſhop alſo came;
They liſted to the young men's fates,
  How God had ſav'd the ſame

From cruel Decius' pagan crew,
  Five hundred years before.
They found it quite as ſtrange as true,
  And God all did adore.

Note in this miracle a proof
  Of God's continual care:
He wrought it all for our behoof,
  If we but faithful are.

Woman's Constancy.

I SAT me by a river's ſide,
Ah well a-day!
And aye I mark'd the running tide,
Ah well a-day!
And thus, alas! it is, I cried,
With woman's love, whenever tried;
It fleets and fleets, nor will abide.

I ſat me underneath a tree,
Ah well a-day!
The leaves full faſt began to flee,
Ah well a-day!
And thus it is, alas! I ſee,
With woman's love and conſtancy,
How ſweet ſo e'er in prime it be.

I looked up toward the moon,
Ah well a-day!
Now ſhining full, but waning ſoon,
Ah well a-day!
But woman's love, though hardly won,
Is ſooner chang'd, and ſooner gone,
But cometh never back anon.

And what availeth then to love?
Ah well a-day!
Such careful days and nights to prove,
Ah well a-day!
Till flowing rivers ceaſe to move,
Till ſummer ſtays, till moon above
Shall never wane, I'll never love.

Lands in the Moon.

A ROGUE who grew rich while the rump was in tune
Had written a book call'd "The Lands in the Moon";
And, befides, had contriv'd to get into his hands
Some very nice plots of King Charles the Firft's lands,
Which he very foon loft after Charles was reftor'd,
But ftill ftrove to live like a cavalier lord,
And ftrutted about in his fword, boots, and fpurs,
As if all below him were reptiles and curs.
He was one day at Court, when our merry King faid,
"You have written a book, that I have not yet read,
Where you've taken poffeffion of lands in the Moon:
Perhaps you may reckon on going there foon,
And as I have fome lands there, why, this will I do;
Becaufe they're far off, I will give them to you."—
"Your Majefty always is liberal and kind,
But for more of Kings' lands I am not now inclin'd;
I once was the owner of fome upon earth,
But I found that they yielded nor money nor mirth.
However, I'm ready, if't do not feem ftrange,
Upon any fair terms juft to make an exchange:
Give me back what I had by King Oliver's boon,
You fhall have every acre of mine in the Moon."

Cupid's Hiding-place.

LOVE flew one day from home away,
His home was his fair Mother's breaſt,
And wander'd far, by ſun and ſtar,
Until he ſettled in the Weſt.

As ſwift as thought him Venus ſought;
All through the heavens did Beauty go.
She aſk'd proud Juno, " Madam, do you know,
Where Cupid hides ?" She anſwer'd, " No."

She queſtioned Pallas, always ſo callous,
She only thought of things of worth.
" Since it is ſo, I'll go below,"
Said Venus, " may be, he's on earth."

Then far and wide, on every ſide
She ſought the rogue with rod of myrtle.
At laſt ſhe found the boy on the ground,
Crouching beneath my lady's kirtle.

" Ah you young truant ! now you ſhall rue on't :"—
Theſe are the very words ſhe utter'd :—
" Yet you're in the right, if you ſeek for delight :
You know on which ſide your bread is butter'd."

So, whilſt he wept, his wings of feather
She tied and twiſted both together,
And back to heaven ſhe bore him with her.

The Cuckold, the Dog, and the Devil.

THE Devils had often heard curfed fouls talk,
And that, too, with fome fort of mirth,
Of a creature well known, which did commonly walk
In the City of London on earth.

Not one could defcribe him; all heard of his name,
And his horns, but which nobody fhows;
So they fent up a Devil to find out the fame,
A cunning one, you may fuppofe.

Firft he went to the City, but made all the wives
Quite furious to fancy they knew.
He afk'd of the lawyers, but they all their lives
Had never feen one. So he flew

To the parfons and doctors; but they all denied
The leaft knowledge of any one there;
And next at the gate of the Court he applied,
But the Porter could only declare,

That of gay cuckold-makers he fometimes had heard,
But ne'er faw the things they had made:
So away went the Devil, and got the fame word
From every profeffion and trade.

At laſt at an Ordinary he ſat him down.
After dinner they brought in the dice,
And the Devil look'd on, while full many a crown
A younker there loſt in a trice.

The winner refus'd to continue the game,
Which the loſer put into a paſſion:
"A Cuckold I found you—I leave you the ſame,"
Cried the loſer, "if that is your faſhion."

Ho, ho! thought the Fiend, you are juſt what I need,
And ſoon made the Cuckold his friend:
So they both took a ſtroll, and, as they proceed,
The Fiend to diſguiſe put an end;

And, in his own ſhape, as they went through a field,
He produc'd a great bag he had brought,
And ſnatch'd at the Cuckold, unwilling to yield,
Or in that ſame bag to be caught.

They ſtruggled full hard, for the Cuckold was ware,
And ſtout—from the City he came—
Till they rous'd a huge dog that a ſhepherd had there,
Fierce, furious, and nothing like tame.

The dog ſaw the Devil, all cover'd with hair,
And thought him ſome outlandiſh beaſt;
For in Paris Garden he'd fought with a bear.
So his devilſhip vaniſh'd in haſte.

But leaving behind him his bag on the ground,
Which the Cuckold immediately ſpied ;
And, throwing it over the head of the hound,
Caught him there, and the neck of it tied.

Then he ſtood on one ſide, behind a great tree,
To wait till the Devil came back ;
For he fancied he ſoon his black worſhip ſhould ſee
Return to recover his ſack.

He was right ; and he ſilently waited not five
Short minutes, ere Fiend came again,
And finding his bag contain'd ſomething alive,
Made ſure 'twas the Cuckold within,

Who might hide himſelf there, in confuſion of fright,
To eſcape from the Devil and dog :
So the Devil ſoon shoulder'd his bag with delight,
And with it to hell did he jog.

The fiends there receiv'd him with rounds of applauſe ;
They gueſs'd what his bag would unfold.
" I've caught you a Cuckold !" he open'd his jaws,
And they open'd their eyes to behold.

The bag was untied, and out flew old Truſty,
And ruſh'd at the devils amain.
He ſhook them ſo well, if their jackets were duſty,
They did not need ſhaking again.

Some loft ears and nofes, and fome loft their horns,
   Some their tails with that terrible fpike :
They trampled each other, and fome having corns,
   They cried, and they roar'd, and they shrike.

" Away with the Cuckold !" all shouted aloud ;
   " Away !" cried the devils in black.
The dog took the hint, and fo, fcattering the crowd,
   He prefently made his way back.

Destiny.

A GENTLEMAN hir'd a rogue of a man
To clean knives and fhoes ; but he quickly began
To yield to an old inclination to fteal ;
And being difcover'd, he made his appeal
To his mafter ; alleging it was not his vice,
But his deftiny only, that made him not nice
About *meum* and *tuum ;* it was his hard fate.—
" Very well," faid his mafter, without more debate,
" If to fteal be your deftiny, when you're caught tripping,
Your deftiny, alfo, will give you a whipping.
Your fate may be hard as to robbing my larder,
But I'll take care your whipping fhall be even harder."

The Buttered Whetstone.

THERE was once a fat prieſt, of no ſtarvation creed,
That us'd to frequent a good widow's ſmall dwelling,
Who grew weary at laſt of giving a feed
To one who for feaſts was ſo conſtantly ſmelling.
So, one day, when she ſaw him approach, with two others,
She hid all her victuals from him and the brothers.

"Peace within here! Now, dame, can you give us to eat!"—
"Why, no, reverend fathers, I'm ſorry to ſay,
In my houſe I have now nor bread, butter, nor meat,
Yet I'm griev'd thus to ſend you all hungry away."—
"Have you got any whetſtone?" "Why, yes; I've got that."—
"And a frying-pan, too? We can do without fat."

The old woman brought him her whetſtone and pan,
And wonder'd what game the fat friar was after.
He put in the whetſtone, and then he began
To toſs it about, ſcarce refraining from laughter.
His companions ſtood by, and he gave them a wink,
And ſaid, "Here's a dinner for more than you think."

He then plac'd the frying-pan over the fire,
Which was blazing up brightly. "Oh, dear!" cried the Dame,
"You will burn a great hole in my pan!" But the friar,
Diſregarding her cries, only went on the ſame;
Still ſhaking the whetſtone, and making it rattle
As much as he could 'gainſt the faſt-heating metal.

"You will ruin my pan!"—Said he, "'Tis no matter:
  But have you no eggs? You have fome, I am fure;
And they, with fome flour and milk, will make batter,
  And thus fave your frying-pan. Open the door
Of that cupboard, and give us fome eggs, fix or feven."
But the old woman fwore that fhe had none, by heaven!

"Well, now, isn't a pity to fpoil a good pan?
  It is getting red-hot. Come, where are your eggs?"
She opened her cupboard: it was the fole plan
  To fave her new frying-pan; therefore, fhe begs
The friar to take all the number he wanted,
And butter befides fhe moft grudgingly granted.

Thus, with bread, beer, and falt, they made a good dinner;
  And the friars agreed that a whetftone, well butter'd,
Was an excellent difh, or for parfon or finner;
  But the old woman, like her own frying-pan, fputter'd,
And the reft of her life she could not be perfwaded
To relish a well-butter'd whetftone, as they did.

She was properly ferv'd, the three brothers declar'd,
  Becaufe fhe had grudg'd what fhe ought to give freely
To poor hungry friars, who, quite unprepar'd
  With victuals and drink, pray'd for her foul daily:
The moment she heard the words, "Peace be within here!"
  She should have begun preparations for dinner.

How to Fatten the Pope's Horse.

Pope Leo the Tenth, who was jolly and fat,
Had a very fine horſe, but as poor as a rat:
It was very high-bred, and, as every one owns,
Such horſes don't carry much flesh on their bones.
He conſulted his ſtud-maſter, but was unable
To gather much knowledge from grooms of the ſtable.
So, one day, when his Cardinals all were about,
For their judgment his Holineſs had it brought out,
And his Fool, ſtanding by, looked exceedingly wiſe,
Prepar'd, like the reſt, to inſpect and adviſe.
The Pope aſk'd this Cardinal, then he aſk'd that,
What courſe he should follow to make the horſe fat?
They were all at a nonplus: the Zany was not.
"What say *you?*" cried the Pope; "a fool's bolt is ſoon shot:
What advice do you give? Now tell us your way."—
"Make his horſeſhip a Cardinal—that's all I ſay,"
Replied the ſhrewd Fool; "for you always will ſee
The poor working clergy, of every degree,
Are lean, hungry beggars; but when they've the Hat,
'Tis a wonder to note how they always grow fat."
The truth of the ſatire they all ſeem'd to feel,
And the fat Pope and Cardinals turn'd on the heel.
Rome once had a horſe for a Conſul, they knew,
And why not a horſe for a Cardinal, too?

A Morning Song.

RISE, Phillis, riſe! the ſun is high,
The lark is ſinging in the ſky,
With a cloud-ſcattering melody,
To welcome the day breaking:
The drooping night-flowers 'gin to riſe,
While gladneſs in their dewy eyes
Sits ſmiling back upon the ſkies,
And all the world is waking.

Thy ſheep are bleating in the fold,
Impatient from their hurdled hold
To be ſet free, and uncontroll'd
To roam the ſparkling meadow:
There is not now a living thing
But joys him in returning Spring,
And thus combines in welcoming
The day after night's ſhadow.

Riſe, Phillis, riſe! O, do not ſtay,
But give freſh brightneſs to the day,
Which till thy coming muſt delay
To make it the completer:
The flowers will bloom more fair and sheen,
The fields will laugh in brighter green,
And the blithe bird that ſings unſeen
Will trill his ſong the ſweeter.

The Three Sons.

A WEALTHY old father had three grown-up fons :
  Two of them fteady, the youngeft was wild ;
He drank and he gambled, was reckon'd a dunce,
  A care and a coft to his fire from a child.

The father was dying : the fons were call'd in,
  And the old man addrefs'd them, one after the other,
Saying, "Tom, you're the eldeft, and always have been
  A dutiful fon—fo has Edward, your brother.

"But as for you, Richard—however, no more!
  I am worfe at the fight of you, there as you ftand.—
You will find, by my will, Tom, that I've given o'er
  To you, as my heir, all my houfes and land.

"To my fecond fon, Edward, my money I've given,
  My furniture, carriages, horfes, and pelf."—
"Alas! my dear father," they both cried ; "by heaven!
  We hope you may live to enjoy it yourfelf."

Then, rolling his eyes upon Dick, his dad faid,
  In a voice, from his fuffering, beginning to falter ;
"You are not forgotten : you'll find, when I'm dead,
  I have left you a fhilling to buy you a halter.

"You were born for my forrow, as well as your mother's :
  The price of a rope is the whole of your wealth."—
"Alas, fir!" cried Dick, in the tone of his brothers,
  "Pray heav'n, you may live to enjoy it yourfelf!"

Drinking Song.

WHEN I fee a fad fwain,
I laugh at his pain :
Would he place on my counfel reliance,
I would fhew him the way
To be happy all day,
And fet Cupid's darts at defiance.

I know he's a boy,
Who only finds joy
In wounding the weakeft and faireft ;
But I fnatch a huge cup,
As a fhield hold it up,
And cry, "Shoot me now, if thou dareft !"

'Tis idle, he knows,
To level at thofe
Who are not the moft weak and defencelefs.
When guarded by wine,
The victory's mine :
I have fenfe left for that when I'm fenfelefs.

The Wager.

THREE husbands at a tavern met :
Each with the others made this bet,
That he fhould the whole reckoning pay,
Who his wife's will would not obey.

The firſt, whoſe wife was ſitting up,
Aſk'd what ſhe had for him to ſup?
"There is ſome porridge in the pot:
Drink that, becauſe the dog would not."
He drank it, to avoid the ſhot.

The next man found his wife in bed.
"What! are you come at laſt?" ſhe ſaid;
"Now take your reſt upon the floor."
He did ſo, to avoid the ſcore.

The third man, running faſt upſtairs
To take his miſtreſs unawares,
Upon the door-way threſhold ſtumbled.
"There; break your ugly neck!" ſhe grumbled;
But, rather than obey her will,
He went and paid the tavern-bill.

Cupid's Weapons.

"Come hither, Cupid, let me ſee
What thy bow and arrows be,
Spreading ſlaughter all around,
Killing *ſans* inflicting wound.

"Thy bow is neither yew nor beech,
Nor other wood yet nam'd in ſpeech;
Yet its power is moſt divine:
What may be that bow of thine?"—

"From Celia's brow my bow is made,
That bower ybuilt her eyes to ſhade:
Bent in her ſweeteſt amorous wiles,
And deftly poliſh'd by her ſmiles."—

"Tell me, then, Cupid, what the darts
With which thou roveſt at the hearts
Of ſilly mortals, that they die
Without a wound that we can ſpy."—

"My arrows are nor wood, nor ſteel,
Yet more deadly a great deal;
Subtle, unſubſtantial things,
Wounding *ſans* point, flying *ſans* wings.

They are of the ſudden flaſhes,
Streaming from between the laſhes
Of faireſt Celia's piercing eyes,
Arm'd with lightning, wing'd with ſighs."—

"Hence, young archer! now I know
Both thine arrows and thy bow.
Haſte thee now, and wound my Lady,
Couch'd in yonder thicket ſhady."—

"Shall I be ſo baſe to wound
With weapons ſhe herſelf has found?"—
"Then, Cupid, fly thee hence, with ſpeed.
I muſt conſole me with a weed."

The Woeful Widow.

A HUSBAND died: his widow wept;
No meafure in her grief fhe kept.
Her father ftrove to comfort her,
By faying that he could prefer
To her for fpoufe a better man.
"No, no," fhe cried; "you never can;
There never was alive a better:"
Then burft out blubb'ring; fo they let her.
"I am a woeful lonely widow.
You know not grief: I wifh you did, oh!
No; no more husbands: 'tis unkind
To talk fo to me—left behind;"
And, in her agony of grief,
Wrung tears out of her handkerchief.
The funeral o'er, the bell 'gan toll
For her late darling husband's foul;
And, after that, the funeral dinner.
Then fhe, who had fome claret in her,
'Gan to be fomewhat pacified,
And, fitting by her father's fide,
And leaning gently on his fhoulder,
Thinking of what before he told her,
Eyeing a gueft of jovial cheer,
She whifper'd in her father's ear,
"Father, does that young man live near?"

St. Peter on Matrimony.

A MAN came up to heaven's gate,
  A wretch, that had been married:
St. Peter did not let him wait,
  But aſk'd him why he tarried?

"Come in, come in: I know you well,
  You married—*verbum ſat.*
Now enter heaven; and as for hell,
  You've had enough of that."

Another man came up juſt then:
  Said Peter, half in mirth,
"You've had two wives: what fools are men!
  You doubled hell on earth."

A third man came, who'd had three wives.
  "Shut, ſhut heaven's gate!" cried Peter;
"For thoſe thrice married in their lives,
  Than hell no place is meter.

"A man for once may be a fool,
  Or twice; but thrice ſurpaſſes!
A treble hell's a place too cool
  For ſuch conſummate aſſes."

The Drowned Priest.

A Priest going over a bridge
  Of wood, juſt to viſit his miſtreſs,
By chance tumbled into the river:
Life was not extinguiſh'd for ever,
  If we may believe popiſh hiſtories.

But, before the Prieſt's life was reſtor'd,
  A terrible ſtruggle began,
Betwixt a bright Angel from heaven,
And a Devil (the head of the Seven
  Deadly Sins) for the ſoul of the man.

Which should have it, they could not decide;
  And ſought Solomon's judgment profound,
Who decreed that life ſhould be reſtor'd,
And the Prieſt put upon the ſame board
  That he fell from, before he was drown'd.

If he turn'd to the left, to his leman,
  The Devil might ſeize on his ſoul;
But if to the right, to the Church,
The Fiend should be left in the lurch,
  And the Angel recover the whole.

But none of them knew of the fact,
  That the Prieſt, when he fell, was dead drunk;
And when they his life did reſtore,
He was drunk as he had been before,
  So again in the ſtream fell the Monk.

To revive him again they'd no power;
He was double-drown'd, water and liquor;
But I'll lay you a thoufand good pound,
Had he not been a fecond time drown'd,
He'd have turn'd to the left—like our Vicar.

The Tinker and his Ass.

Two sharp-fet rogues, and mafterlefs
Excepting for the Devil,
Were travelling along the road
Not very far from Seville.

They faw a tofs-pot Tinker lie
Upon the road-fide grafs,
Dead-drunk and fnoring: by his fide
There ftood his patient Afs.

But round his arm its bridle was
Tied faft, the while he flept;
And thus he fancied fafe and fure,
His Donkey to have kept.

Said Miguel to his brother rogue,
The cunning Pedro named,
I fee a way to fill our maws,
And yet be never blamed.

You gently take the bridle off,
  And put it o'er my head;
The faddle, too, remove, and place
  It on my back inftead.

Fear not what will become of me,
  When Tinker fhall awake.
Do you, meanwhile, his quiet beaft
  To the next market take;

And fell it there for any fum
  The people choofe to give,
And I will quickly join you there,
  And fpend it :—we will live.

So Pedro did as he was bid;
  The Afs away he led,
And left Miguel in harnefs there,
  The Tinker lying dead.

But prefently he ftretch'd and woke,
  And faw, with ftaring eyes,
His donkey gone, and Miguel there,
  Who to the Tinker cries:

"Oh! take this faddle from my back,
  This bridle from my ears,
For I am now a man again,
  Although an Afs for years.

"My father was a conjuror,
  And for fome fmall offence,
By magic made an Afs of me,
  As I've been ever fince.

"My time is out, thank God, at laft!
Remove the galling faddle;
The heavy bridle, too, has made
My brain all in a caddle."

The Tinker thought him in a dream:
He ftar'd and rubb'd his eyes,
Look'd at Miguel, and then began
To gather and furmife.

Saddle and bridle he took off,
Exclaiming "Out! alas!
How often have I beaten thee,
And thought thee but an Afs."

Said Miguel, "I forgive it all."
Said Tinker, "What am I
To do without a donkey now?"
Said Miguel, "You muft buy.

"To the next town repair, for there
A market's held, you'll fee,
And buy an Afs; but have a care
He's not bewitch'd like me."

So parted they. Pedro, by this,
Had fold the Jackafs cheap,
And pocketed the money, too,
In their diftrefs a heap.

The Tinker haftened to the town,
To buy another beaft;
While on the money they had got
The two rogues drink and feaft.

The Tinker, in the market-place,
  Among a lot of Affes,
Saw his old friend put up to fale:
  He knew him without glaffes.

The man, who owned him then, inquir'd
  If he would buy a donkey ?—
"No, my good friend; not fuch a one
  As that appears, I thank ye.

"I'm fure that Jackafs is bewitcht;
  I know his fhape and limb:
His father is a conjuror;
  I'll have no more of him.

"I parted with him not far hence:
  Two hours fince might pafs:
He has given his father frefh offence,
  And he's remade an Afs.

"'Tis ftrange folks' tempers are fo rough,
  As if in all the nation
There were not Jackaffes enough,
  Without this conjuration."

The Proud Shepherdess.

PHILLIS, beautiful and bright,
Collin wooed both day and night:
"Take me, lovely Phillis, pray,
I cannot wait another day."

Phillis heard, but Phillis proud,
While ſhe liſten'd, not allow'd.
"Get thee hence—fond youth, away!
You muſt come another day."

Collin went; for lovely Phill
Slighted him and his good will.
Collin left her to obey,
But not to come another day.

Time made Phillis' cheek wax pale,
That once made bluſhing roſes vale,
Then to herſelf ſhe oft would say,
"Why comes he not another day?"

All the ſhepherds of the plain
Scorn Phillis for her proud diſdain;
She would not now have anſwer'd, "Nay,
You muſt come another day."

Learn, dear Annabel, from this,
Fair occaſion not to miſs:
If worthy love, go bid him ſtay,
And not to come another day.

Beauty's bud but laſts an hour;
Youth is ſweet, and age is ſour:
Taſte it while the ſweets delay;
Wait not till another day.

Epigram on bad Poets.

THE poet Attius, as they ſay,
  Was ſo extremely thin and light,
He fear'd he ſhould be blown away,
  So put lead in his ſhoes. This fright
Need not affail ſome bards : their lead
Kind Nature puts into the head ;
Only I wiſh kind Nature might
Not put it in their heads to write.

Triplets on Eyes.

NEVER truſt to eyes of blue ;
You'll repent it, if you do,
For, though tender, they're untrue.

Never truſt to eyes of black,
Gloſſy as the raven's back ;
They will keep you on the rack.

Never truſt to eyes of green ;
None can gueſs at what they mean,
And moſt wound when moſt unſeen.

Never truſt to eyes of hazel,
Bright as falcon, large as gazelle ;
They'll deceive you while they dazzle.

Never truſt to eyes of brown ;
They will hunt you up and down,
And your death will be a frown.

Never truſt to eyes of grey,
Though they ſeem as fair as day :
They inveigle to betray.

QUADRUPLET.

Do as I do, I adviſe ;
Never truſt to any eyes :
Be they brighter, be they duller,
They are false of every colour.

To the Over-weening.

A SELF-conceited Wren
  Sat on a little tree,
And fancied heaven, (as well as men)
  Was not ſo ſtrong as ſhe.

The firmament might fall
  Upon her with its weight ;
She could with eaſe ſuſtain it all,
  For ſhe was firm as fate.

It happen'd, as ſhe ſpoke,
  A leaf fell on her back :
She fancied every joint it broke ;
  She felt, and heard them crack.

"St. Martin be my speed!"
She cried in terror great.
"The firmament has fallen, indeed;
I'm crush'd beneath its weight."

Ye over-weening fools,
Vaunt not of strength or art:
We are but Heaven's working tools;
Each fills his little part.

To Fairest Cynthia.

Go, humble verse; present thyself
To her whose looks all eyes entice,
Whose beauty is above all wealth,
Whose virtue is beyond all price.

The sheet whereon these lines I write
Was white before its face I blotted;
So she was lovely, pure, and white,
Before my love her pureness spotted.

For purest love impureness brings
To her, though sued with chastest duty;
And that which graces other things
She stains with an excess of beauty.

Stay then, fond verſe; thou muſt not go
  Before her eyes, though not forbidden,
Thoſe eyes that light all things below,
  And ſee all faults, howe'er ſo hidden.

Yet go thou ſhalt; for while my Muſe
  To Cynthia all my raptures raiſes,
She ſure muſt ſomething good infuſe
  In that which only ſings her praiſes.

The Viper and the Leech.

A VIPER thus addreſs'd a Leech:
"Tell me the reaſon, I beſeech,
Why men deſire to feel thy bite,
But fly from mine with all their might?"

"The reaſon's ſurely very clear,"
The gentle Leech replied; "for here
Cauſe and effect are both at ſtrife:
Your bite is death, but mine is life."

The moral is not hard to find:
Both bite, but in a different kind.
Thus, Critics have a different end,
Some to deſtroy, and ſome to mend.

The Lion's Share.

A Lion, Wolf, and Fox, agreed to hunt together.
The Fox ſoon caught a gooſe, by no means bone and ſkin;
The Wolf pick'd from a flock a very noble wether;
The Lion ſeized a cow, but very old and thin.

When dinner-time arriv'd, the Lion, who was ſtarving,
Cried "Who'll divide our game, and how ſhall we divide it?"—
"Each man muſt have his own: mine's very eaſy carving,"
The hungry Wolf replied; "take you your cow, and hide it."

The Lion was enraged: he knew his cow was tough;
So, lifting up his paw, not another word he ſaid,
But gave his friend the Wolf ſuch a ſharp and cruel cuff,
As tore off all the ſkin from the bleeding booby's head.

Then, turning to the Fox, he ſaid, "What is your opinion
Regarding the diviſion?" and Reynard anſwer'd thus:
"Firſt you ſhould eat the ſheep; then gooſe, with ſage and inion;
The cow, though lean and old, is good enough for us."

The Lion was well pleas'd with the Fox's anſwer prudent,
And aſk'd him who had taught him to be ſo politely bred?
The Fox rejoin'd, "I'm known for a pretty aptiſh ſtudent,
And I took my leſſon laſt from that gent, with the red head."

Madrigal.

SADNESS ſigh'd at Beauty's gate.
Beauty heard him, though 'twas late :
Pity, who was Beauty's kin,
All-unthinking let him in,
Beauty's ruin to begin.

Sadneſs made but little ſtay
Ere poor Beauty fled away :
Beauty's bower he would not ſpare ;
And, though Sadneſs made it bare,
Pity dwelt more fondly there.

Debtor and Creditor.

A NOTARY lent twenty ducats
  To one who ſpent money ſo faſt,
That he could keep none in his pockets,
  And he had not a penny at laſt.

The Notary one day ſent to him,
  Demanding his money in ſhort :
The Debtor replied, he might ſue him,
  But he could not appear in the Court ;

" For," ſaid he, " all my wardrobe's in pawn, ſir,
  And I have no breeches to wear."
Said the Notary, " That will not anſwer :
  Uſe my cloak ; it will hide all your bare."

"Agreed! lend it me," ſaid the debtor,
"And now do your worſt with the law:
I will ſwear, and no man can do't better,
Your money that I never ſaw."

He put on the cloak, and it cover'd
The moſt woeful want in his dreſs,
And both went to the Court, as above heard,
To have the caſe ſettled expreſs.

"I ſee," ſaid the Judge to the claimant,
"That you want twenty ducats, or ſo.—
Now, what's your objection to payment?"—
"That I paid it him ſix months ago.

"The man has no evil intention,
But he's mad upon this point alone;
That there is not a thing you can mention,
But he claims it, and ſwears 'tis his own.

"Do but aſk him, if this cloak I wear now
Is mine, or is his? and he'll ſay
It is his; when I'm ready to ſwear now,
And prove, that I bought it to-day."

"That's a lie: it is mine!" cried the Notary,
At which all burſt out in a laugh;
And as law is at beſt but a lottery,
And he that goes to it a calf,

The verdict was entered according.
The creditor found it no joke:
He was pinion'd, while all were applauding,
And the debtor walk'd off with the cloak.

Advice in Difficulties.

A MAN who fell into a well
  Full ſoon began luſtily ſhout,
And made ſuch a terrible yell,
  That his neighbours all gather'd about.
"How could you fall in?" they begin.—
  "I am in, firs," ſaid he, "beyond doubt;
What ſignifies how I got in,
  But tell me how I'm to get out."

Farewell Sonnet.

FAREWELL, I oft have ſaid, to verſe and ſong!
  Farewell, each noble, each harmonious line,
  That which men call, and juſtly call, divine;
Thou haſt conſumed my youthful hours too long.
And come, ye graver ſtudies of the mind,
  The endleſs labyrinths of tangled law:
Within your intricacies I muſt wind;
  From you the means of living I muſt draw.
  To live by tangling error, making flaw!
Oh, baſe invention of our modern wit,
  An inſult vile to the ethereal ſoul!
Often as thus I ſaid, or thought of it,
  My heart has ſpurn'd the mercenary dole,
  And ſmil'd at want, than in ſuch wealth to roll.

(1815.)

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half levant by Ramage

rare